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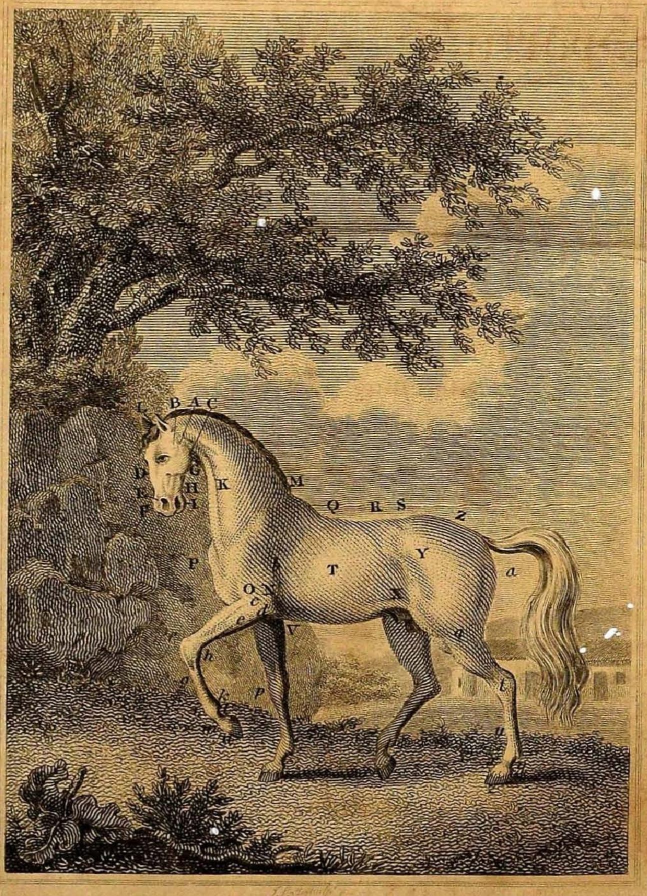

THE HORSE FROM BUFFON.

Published Oct.r 1 1797, by, J. Wheble Warwick Court.

Sirfojee Rajah 1817

THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR of the Transactions of THE TURF, THE CHACE, And every other Diversion Interesting to the Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

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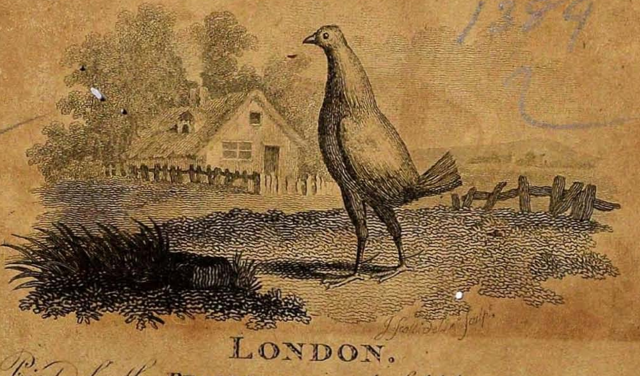

LONDON.
Printed for the PROPRIETOR, and Sold by J. WHEBLE, N.18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane near St. Pauls.

MDCCXCVII.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure, Enterprize, and Spirit.

For APRIL, 1797.

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Embelliſhed with an excellent Quarto-ſized Plate of the well-known Cock-pit Royal, after the original Engravings, by Hogarth.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By E. Rider, Little Britain.

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookſeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On the commencement of the Tenth Volume of THE SPORTING MAGAZINE, the EDITOR is changed.

When Captain Snug will favour us with such Performances as he KNOWS will anſwer our purpoſe, we ſhall moſt readily inſert them, and be thankful for his Communications.

If W. M. of Liverpool will favour us with the Engraving of BANDY, and ſome particulars of the Horſe, they ſhall have place in our Miſcellany.

Due Attention will be paid to Correſpondents' Favours.

☞ From page 359, beginning with *A Treatiſe on Farriery continued*, to the end of page 406, ending with an *Anecdote of Mr. O'Burne*, is paged wrong: it ſhould have begun with Folio 9, and Vol. X. at the foot of the page, inſtead of Folio 359, and Vol. IX. and have ended with Folio 56, inſtead of 406 as above.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For APRIL, 1797.

HUNTING.

LORD DERBY'S STAG HOUNDS.

THE ſeaſon for this diverſion is very nearly at an end. Lord Derby's hounds met on Thurſday, April 6, for the laſt time, on Wallingham Common.—At ten o'clock the deer was turned out in the preſence of about ſixty horſemen; he had twenty minutes law, and ſtood before the hounds an hour and twenty-five minutes; he took over Worms Heath, turned and went through Sly Oaks, croſſed Wallingham Hills, and turning to the right, reached Mardan Park—he paſſed through the plantations to Birch Wood, and croſſing the oppoſite range of hills, he went away to Riddleſdown, making his point to Foxley—croſſed Smithſam Bottom, and away to Beggar's Buſh, at which ſpot the hounds viewed him, and ran him immediately to the waters of Biddington, from which he was no ſooner recovered, than he took ſhelter in an out-houſe belonging to Mr. Bonn's of Biddington, where he was taken

The ſeaſon has not afforded a burſt of greater ſeverity; ran without a ſingle check; only four of the company were near the hounds after the firſt fifteen minutes. His Lordſhip was not out.

KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

Eaſter Monday will long live in the recollection of the *oldeſt* ſportſmen in the field, nor will the *youngeſt* ever feel diſpoſed to eraſe from the "tablet of memory," a day's ſport, that, in all probability very few will ſee *equalled* or *excelled* in the courſe of their lives. The deer was turned out at New Lodge immediately upon his Majeſty's arrival, preciſely at half paſt ten, before a field of two hundred horſemen, and was the very deer that ran the chaſe of ſimilar ſeverity on the Eaſter Monday of laſt year. Upon being turned out he ſet at defiance every exertion of the huntſman and yeoman prickers, to keep him in the wiſhed-for line of country, and he inſtantly headed by the multitude, paſſed near the hounds, through the whole of Cranbourn Wood and Winkfield Plain, to the back of Sunning Hill Park, where the *four* horſemen only who had laid by the hounds, headed and ſtopped them at the end of the firſt twenty-five minutes, when, incredible as it may ſeem, the *teams* were two and three miles in length and in all directions. Upon the *cavalcade's* getting a little together, the hounds were given a looſe, and going off with a good ſcent, ran breaſt-high through Sunning Hill Park, and out at the bottom of Aſcot Heath: here he led them by the Kennel to the Obeliſk, which reaching, he inclined to the right, leaving Swinley Lodge to the left, ſkirted South Hill Park, and with a conſciouſneſs of his own *ſpeed* and *bottom*, gallantly faced the tremendous hills and ſwamps of the Heath Country; bidding a long adieu to his purſuers, he croſſed Cæſar's

 Camp,

Camp, Wickham Bushes, and on to Hannikin's Lodge, where they were stopped by the only *five*, who, during so *long* and so *sharp* a burst, had lain close in with the hounds. This was a moment of rapturous exultation to the five who had the hounds at bay, whilst horsemen were seen rating over the hills in all parts, at the distance of two, three, and four miles. From hence the chace was continued through the parishes of Wokingham, Barkham, and over the river Loddin, to Maiden Earley, Shinfield and Swallowfield, to the River Kennet, which running six miles by the side of, he left, and passing Mr. Blagrove's of Southcote, crossed the Bath road, and on to Tilehurst, three miles below Reading, where he was run into, and taken unhurt, after a chace of exactly *three hours and a half* of as hard running, and as great a scope of country covered within the time, as was ever remembered to have been seen by the oldest sportsmen in the field.

The severity of this chace was very early demonstrated amongst horses of a *secondary* estimation; one (said to be the property of a gentleman at Windsor) fell quite exhausted, "to rise no more," at the expiration of the first two hours; and others remained in a *doubtful* state within a mile of where the deer was taken: incredible numbers of those who were at the commencement gradually fell off, while *fresh forces* were as constantly collecting, so as to give the whole more the appearance of a flying army than a stag chace. The inns at Reading were amply furnished with guests, and post-chaises taken in exchange for *tired* horses.

An unfortunate circumstance happened but a few minutes before the deer was taken: as four young women were standing near the parsonage, at Tilehurst, enjoying a view of the company, the deer (having the body of hounds close at his haunches) came suddenly over a quickset hedge of considerable height, and beating down one of the party, fractured her leg, in the very moment of health and hilarity, when she certainly could not have apprehended the shadow of danger, from the imaginary safety of her situation.

The almost unprecedented severity of the above-mentioned chase, occasioned a very contracted appearance of holiday sportsmen on Thursday. The deer was turned out before his Majesty, at Ascot Heath, and going away boldly by the kennel, and over Winkfield Row, crossed Brock Hill, by Warfield Church, Jealous Hill, and Mr. Parry's of Warfield. Here he *swerved*, and covered a part of the *same* country, but finding himself repeatedly pressed by the hounds, (although the scent lay exceedingly ill) he soon relinquished the contest, after reaching Amen Corner, and the Coverts of Easthampstead, where he was taken after a very indifferent run of an hour and forty minutes.

At the same place of meeting on Saturday, reports from different quarters of the *effects* of Monday's chace reached a *centrical* point, when it appeared that the horse of Mr. W. Cooke, of Clewen, (rode by a Dr. Groven) and a horse of Mr. Edgar's were "*killed off*," as well as another at Taplow; the horse of Mr. Deane, of Windsor, was *not dead* as reported; he only took a salutary repose upon the body of his Master (both being generally believed defunct) when by the Assistance of Sir John Lade, Mr. Mackason, of Egham, *cum multis aliis*, they enjoyed a sporting resurrection. On Saturday, upon his

his Majesty's arrival, the deer was turned out in the bottom behind Sunning Hill Wells at half-past ten, and most gallantly facing the Heath, reached the western road near Brumwell Stut, where turning to the right, he skirted Bagshot Park, made another turn in the Heath, and lay down in a ditch of Farmer Rapley's, where the hounds ran up to him in a stile beyond description. This produced a view of at least three miles over Bagshot Heath, Golden Farmer Hills, Cæsar's Camp, and Wickham Rushes, displaying in its progress a repetition of the scene of Monday, and upon the *precise spot*; or, in other words, *scores* of horsemen coming over the hills two and three miles *behind* the hounds. A *long stop*, however, near Wokingham, yielded them opportunity to *fan* themselves after their *hard riding*; the hardness of the fallows affording no probability of scent; the deer was hunted, or rather *followed* for some miles entirely by *report*; crossing however the turnpike-road, near Binfield, and going through Ashridge Wood, the hounds recovered and went on with the scent by the Warren House, and over Broad Common, to the hanging cover at Haines Hill, where running up to him in the Holly Wood, they brought him to *view*, and a most *glorious scene* ensued to Charity Farm, Waltham Common, and one continued *view* over Broad Common to Billingbear Park, where, with a variety of *racing efforts* from the emulative competitors, he was taken unhurt, after a tolerable fair chace of *three hours* wanting *five minutes*.

FOX CHASE.

One day this month, Mr. Roberts's hounds unkennelled a fox in Half-wood, near Much Marcle, in Herefordshire, which afforded an excellent chase of four hours and twenty-three minutes without a check. It is supposed that, during the chace, the hounds must have run full fifty miles. Mr. Roberts's horse dropped dead under him, in the last leap that he took over a hollow road into the ground where the fox was killed; and what renders this more extraordinary is, that Mr. Roberts's hounds, last year, unkennelled a fox in the same cover, which afforded almost a similar chase, when Mr. Roberts's horse fell dead under him, within half a mile of the place where the accident happened last week.

ANOTHER FOX CHASE.

On Wednesday April 12, a bag fox was turned out on Saltford-hill, near Bath, which afforded excellent sport before the Bath and Bradford hounds, when after a hard run of upwards of five hours, and making a most extensive circle, he was taken at Paulton alive. A more severe chace has never been remembered in this country; out of thirty-six horsemen, only nine were in at the conclusion. Several capital horses have since died in consequence of such violent exertions through an inclosed country.

ANOTHER.

On Thursday in Easter week, the Berkeley hounds threw off at Whittington Wood near Wycombe, unkennelled handsomely, ran fifty minutes, and killed gallantly. The Monday following they met at Mr. Clayton's, at Starleyford, which it is expected will conclude the season. But in subscription packs, where every *member* is occasionally a *master*, we may sport a metaphor, and say, "Who shall decide when *Doctors* disagree."

LEI-

LEICESTERSHIRE HUNT.

The Leiceſterſhire Hunt, which has already (with all its *mad* collaterals) *ruined* ſo *many*, has been very near its own annihilation by the preponderation of *extravagancies*, with which it abounds. *Pigeons*, however, having been *newly* fledged by the bequeſts of *blind* parents, and *infatuated* relations, it *promiſes* (*promiſes* being all the *faſhion*) to recover by a regenerated ſubſcription, its *former* pre-eminence; a pre-eminence that has already fixed many a *devotee* "in durance vile," from which every ſubſcriber may feelingly exclaim, "Good Lord deliver us."

ITALIAN VILLAGERS.

Covent Garden.

A New Comic Opera, in three Acts, called the Italian Villagers, written by Mr. Hoare, was performed on Tueſday night, April 25, for the firſt time; the principal characters of which are as follow:

Duke of Urbino —	Mr. Murray
Octavio —	Mr. Hull
Lorenzo —	Mr. Incledon
Valentine —	Mr. Fawcett
Saveall —	Mr. Quick
Jeremy Maythorn	Mr. Munden
Hilary —	Mr. Knight
Premiſs —	Mr. Simmonds
Iſabel —	Mrs. Mountain
Lucilla —	Mrs. Clendining
Annetta —	Mrs. Martyr
Rodriga —	Mrs. Henley

Fable.

Valentine, a favourite of the Duke of Urbino, ſecretly pays his addreſſes to Iſabel, the daughter of Octavio, a Nobleman baniſhed from court, and reſiding in a village where the Duke is expected on a hunting party. Valentine, dreading a diſcovery of his attachment, enjoins Iſabel not to let the Duke ſee her; but, from anxiety for her brother Lorenzo, Iſabel diſregards the injunction, and, being made known to the Duke, obtains the pardon of her family.—The Duke, to puniſh Valentine's diſtruſt of him, in concealing his attachment, determines to make him jealous, while Valentine, more effectually to avoid ſuſpicion, profeſſes a paſſion for another woman in the village. Being preſſed by the Duke to diſcover his miſtreſs, he pretends to court Rodriga, an old peaſant, whom he accidentally meets on her way to proſecute a plot formed to deliver Lucilla, the daughter of an old miſer, from a forced marriage. This plot is carried on by Lorenzo, Lucilla's lover, and Hilary, a pedlar, with the aſſiſtance of Rodriga, her daughter, Annetta, and other accomplices. Saveall, the old miſer, is deceived into a belief, that is intended ſon-in-law, Jeremy Maythorn (who is a ſilly conceited coxcomb) has been guilty of theft, ſeduction, and murder, and is induced to fire a piſtol in the night at a figure dreſſed up to repreſent Maythorn, whom he, by this means ſuſpects of an intention to plunder his houſe. Hilary and his accomplices frighten Saveall from home, and, while he flies to take refuge in a church, Lucilla eſcapes with her fortune. The lovers, in their flight, meet Maythorn, and ſhut him into Saveall's houſe, to anſwer for the conſequences of their tricks Saveall returns, and, believing he had killed him, concludes him to be a ghoſt, and, during his terror, Maythorn leaves the houſe unmoleſted. Lucilla's fortune is reſtored by the diſinterſtedneſs of her lover, and his title to her hand confirmed by the Duke. Rodriga, Iſabel, and Valentine, meeting in Saveall's houſe, Valentine's artifice is expoſed, and the Duke reproves and pardons him. Valentine obtains

tains the hand of Isabel, Hilary and Annetta are admitted to the Duke's favour, and Saveall receives into his house again his daughter and his new son-in-law.

The subject is of considerable interest, and has on the whole been ably treated by Mr. Hoare. The dialogue is neat. Patriotic and impressive sentiments frequently occur, and, on the score of chaste *equivoque* and novel sprightliness, it has no slight claim to approbation. One of the scenes between Quick and Munden is highly comic, and irresistably laughable, but many others are exceedingly tedious. On the first night's representation, and from which we write, the piece altogether is at least three quarters of an hour too long. Divested of its prolixity, and improved in some of its incidents, it will not fail to become an universal favourite.

The music bespeaks its master. Shield never was more successful than in the present instance. Most of the airs are truly delightful, and the whole is a composition of beauty and taste.

The performers did great justice to their respective characters. Incledon, Quick, Munden, Fawcett, Knight, and Murray, exerted their abilities with considerable effect. Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Clendining were happy in the parts allotted to them, and the sprightly Martyr contributed in no small degree to the entertainment of a very splendid and numerous audience.

The Opera was announced for a second representation with general applause.

The following is a specimen of the songs:

AIR.—Mr. Incledon.

Thy halcyon calm, oh Peace! impart,
Give all my days repose;
And when from earth my soul shall part,
Thy hand my eye-lids close!
But if in danger's wild alarm,
Where fear and ruin grow,
My native soil demand an arm
To chace the invading foe;
Aloud, around,
Let battle sound!
Amid the thronging host I fly,
In arms to conquer or to die!

AIR.—Mrs. Martyr.

I've a little pretty heart;
I have it to be sold:
But with it when I part,
It will not be for gold.
I seek to exchange it and find
Another as soft and as kind;
But danger attends on believing,
For men are sometimes so deceiving;
You smile; I'm afraid, Sir,
That women too may be so;
So I've heard it often said, Sir;
I for my part nothing know.
I've a pretty little heart, &c.

AIR.—Mr. Quick.

I care not for doves,
Or shepherds, or loves,
Or bees with their Hybla of honey,
No, give me some sound,
So clear and so round,
That sweetly reminds me of money!
Of hills tip'd with gold,
I love to be told,
Of pearls that bespangle the morning!
Of a rich golden stream,
That flows soft as cream,
The meads and the vallies adorning!

Then tell me at night,
Of the moons silver light,
On my heart you its beauties imprint;
Would I there were alone,
Like the man in the moon,
And Master, good Lord, of the Mint!
What coining and milling,
Paul, florin and shilling,
How I'd pose astronomical scholars!
For should Jove, as of old,
Fly away with the gold,
I'd come down in a shower of dollars.

AIR.—Mrs. Mountain.

A faith, as pure as mountain snow,
A heart, as constant as the dove,
I bring to grace my bridal vow;
My only dow'r my truth and love.
But could I fortune's smile command,
Could mine unbounded treasures prove,
They still should grace my plighted hand,
And swell the dow'r of truth and love.

NEW

NEW SOUTH WALES, *its Prosperity.*

THE settlement of Sydney prospers, their last harvest having been most abundant. They have unexpectedly recovered a most valuable prize of live stock. A boat's crew having landed some time ago in a creek at a considerable distance from the Cove, in search of fresh water, were surprised by a voice in English, directing them where they might find a spring. They found a convict man who had run away from the settlement five years before, and resided with the natives ever since. They took him back to the Cove; but he gave them the important information that a number of stray cattle herded in a valley near to where he was found. Five cows and two bulls had strayed from the settlement in 1788, and it was of the utmost consequence to recover them.

In consequence, the Governor and a select party set out in search. After three day's march, when halting during the night, as they lay on the grass, they heard the bellowing of cattle, and at the dawning of day, discovered a herd of bulls and cows, amounting to sixty-one in number, a wonderful increase in eight years.—They were extremely wild and viscious. They had taken possession of a most fertile valley, and they seemed determined to resist all invaders. A bull, fierce and of a great size, made an attack on the party with such obstinacy, that they were obliged to shoot him. He took six balls through the body before they durst approach him; but in revenge they eat a beef stake, cut from his rump, on the spot. The Governor would not suffer them to be removed from the place they had chosen for their habitation, as a few years will give them a wonderful increase, but in the mean time they are carefully watched.

A PRACTICAL FARRIER.

SOME men *write* themselves into repute; others gain it by good luck, or from being merely the successors of those who have acquired fame. There is also a sort of men who, by intrinsic merit, by genius and industry alone, that build their own characters and fortune. Of one answering this description, we have to name Mr. Jones, of the Curtain Road, Finsbury, whose late improvement in the castration of horses is particularly to be mentioned. Indeed, so celebrated is Mr. Jones become in his profession, that we propose giving his portrait in our next Magazine, from a painting by an eminent master.

PORTSMOUTH VOLUNTEERS.

Portsmouth, April 21, 1797.

WHEREAS, on Wednesday last, the 19th Instant, in the afternoon, as the Portsmouth Volunteers were marching up High-street, under the command of Lieutenant William Deacon, they were insulted by an apple being thrown and striking one of them, from the window of a room in the Fountain Inn, in which Lord Camelford and some of his friends were dining. Application being made by Lieutenant William Deacon to his Lordship, for an explanation of the affair, both by letter and in person, and his Lordship having positively refused to say whether he, or any of his party actually threw the apple or not, a reward of Fifty Guineas is hereby offered to any person who will identify the offender, so that he may be convicted of the assault; the same to be paid on such conviction, by me,

R. CALLAWAY,
Solicitor to the Corps.

By Order of the Officers and Gentlemen of the Corps.

A TREA-

Mr. Robert Jones,

PRACTICAL FARRIER,

Curtain Road,

FINSBURY SQUARE.

Published June 1st 1797, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(*Continued from Page* 303.)

OF MOLTON GREASE.

MOLTON greaſe is the voiding greaſy matter with the dung, which ſometimes happens to very fat horſes that ſtand much in the ſtable. Horſes of hot conſtitutions, which are apt to be coſtive, will ſometimes void great quantities of ſlimy matter like corruption, and the balls of the dung will be covered with a pellicle or thin ſkin. This is a common ſymptom which attends the retention of the dung. Nor can either of theſe be referred to the melting of the greaſe, properly ſo called. But however it is known that theſe ſymptoms are called by farriers molton greaſe.

When horſes void a matter of the colour of brimſtone, it is a ſymptom of the worms, and weak horſes will often void a looſe ſlimy dung; but neither of theſe are properly molton greaſe.

A fat horſe may have his greaſe melted by hard uſage, but ſeldom any other; and this muſt be done by hard riding or working in very hot weather; and then it is accompanied with a fever, reſtleſſneſs, ſtartings, tremblings, great ſickneſs, ſhortneſs of breath, and ſometimes with pleuretic ſymptoms. His dung will then be extremely greaſy with ſcouring; his blood will have the ſigns of an inflammation, that is, a thick fat ſkin over it of a buff colour. The red or coagulated part is generally exceeding ſlippery; and the ſerum is ſlippery and clammy. He ſoon loſes his fleſh, and if he recovers, he becomes hidebound for a time, with a ſwelling of the legs. Theſe, if not cured in time, will turn to the farcy or glanders, or an obſtinate ſurfeit.

To prevent theſe conſequences, the horſe ſhould bleed plentiful, to relieve the inflammatory ſymptoms, which ſhould be repeated two or three days ſucceſſively, or till the buff coloured pellicle goes off the blood. He may alſo have a rowel in the breaſt; and when the working of the flanks begins to abate, he may have another in the belly, and one on the inſide of each thigh. Emollient clyſters will be of great ſervice to cool the interſtices, ſuch as have been already preſcribed in other caſes; taking care that no irritating ingredients enter therein. With this caution, this will abate the inflammatory ſymptoms, and mitigate the fever, as well as bring away large quantities of greaſy matter. Inwardly he muſt have the following infuſion for a drink every other day, and the clyſter every day:

Take of bay-berries bruiſed, camomile flowers and rue, of each an ounce; of ſaffron two drams; pour a quart of boiling water upon them, and let them ſtand twelve hours. Pour the water off, and diſſolve therein two ounces of ſaltpetre and two ounces of Epſom ſalt. Laſt of all, put in two ounces of ſpirit of wine and camphire.

Let the horſe have as much warm water, or water-gruel, as he will drink. When the horſe has recovered his appetite, and the fever is gone off, he ſhould have two or three gentle aloetic purges, becauſe this diſtemper generally leaves a ſwelling of the legs behind it.

Take of myrrh, bay-berries, round birthwort, and gentian, of each a dram; of ſuccotrine aloes an ounce; of ſaffron two drams; of oil of amber a ſmall ſpoonful. Make theſe into a ball with ſolutive ſyrup of roſes. This may be repeated once in nine days, as long as any ſymptoms ſhall require it.

OF A BONE SPAVIN.

A bone ſpavin is a hard ſwelling on the inſide of the hock of a horſe's

horſe's leg, which is of the hardneſs of a bone.

That which begins on the lower part of the hock, is not ſo dangerous as that which appears higher between the two round proceſſes of the leg bone. Likewiſe a ſpavin near the edge is not ſo bad as one that is more inwards towards the middle, becauſe it does not ſo much affect the bending of the hock. That which proceeds from a bruiſe is a ſort of a baſtard ſpavin, and is not ſo bad as that which riſes ſpontaneouſly. The ſpavins of colts are of a kinder nature than thoſe of full-grown horſes. In old horſes they are ſcarce to be cured at all.

Whenever a fullneſs of the forepart of an hock is diſcovered after hard riding, that is likely to turn to a ſpavin, you muſt endeavour by binding the cold charge round the part mentioned in *tumour, from accidents.* It muſt be renewed ſeveral times a day, and the diſorder muſt be treated in all reſpects as is there ſhewn.

There are various methods, moſt of them very violent, for curing this diſorder when confirmed, but none ſo good as the following compoſition:

Take an ounce of quickſilver and rub it with an ounce of Venice turpentine in a mortar till no part of the quickſilver can be ſeen; then mix it with four ounces of the green ointment of the ſhops; when they are well incorporated, put in a dram and a half of Spaniſh flies in powder, and a dram of corroſive ſublimate, and two drams of oil of origanum.

This muſt be laid pretty thick upon the part when the hair is cut off very cloſe, and the horſe muſt be tied up all day, and untied at night that he may lie down as uſual. Then he muſt have a pitch plaiſter, or a ſticking plaiſter over it, and bound on gently with a piece of tape or liſt.

When the bliſter has done running, and the ſcabs dry and peel off, the ointment may be applied again in the ſame manner as before. Theſe two applications in colts and young horſes, will make a perfect cure. But when the ſpavin has continued for ſome time, it muſt be renewed five or ſix times with greater diſtance between, to prevent a ſcar or baldneſs. Once a fortnight or three weeks will be ſufficient.

The horſe muſt have moderate exerciſe between whiles, and now and then a doſe of laxative phyſic, as well as diuretics, with ſalt-petre, and a decoction of lignum vitæ or guaiacum raſpings, to promote perſpiration. Their diet ſhould be only oats and good ſweet hay.

In an outward ſuperficial ſpavin the horſe only grows ſtiff at firſt, and the ſpavin is plain and viſible to the eye; but when it is more inward, and riſes more ſuperficial and flat, or when it puts out towards the hollow of the joint, and riſes upwards, it is very obſtinate and hard to cure. When it runs inward to the ſinoſities of the joints, it is generally incurable. In theſe caſes the horſe goes lame a conſiderable time before the ſpavin appears outwardly.

This ſort ſeems to require very violent meaſures, but the gentle ones will have the moſt happy event, therefore it will be beſt to try the method recommended above; but when the ſpavins lie deep, and run far into the hollow of the joint, a cauſtic ointment with ſublimate of arſenic is the likelieſt to ſucceed, becauſe theſe things eat deep, deſtroy their ſubſtance, and procure a plentiful diſcharge which perhaps will carry off all the remainder of the ſpavin. The ſame thing may be done by firing deep into the ſpavin. The iron ſhould be in the ſhape of a fleam, but rounded on the face, that it may go deep,

deep, and thick on the back to retain the heat. There will probably be a large effusion of blood, but it may be ſtopt with a ſtyptic, or rather with the agaric of the oak, called touchwood or ſpunk, or with a piece of puff-ball.

The wound in ſome caſes may be half an inch deep, and an inch long, with two or three ſhort ſtrokes on each ſide, according to the largeneſs of the ſpavin. There will be no occaſion to renew the applications to ſtop the blood, if the method is uſed which was laſt recommended. Sometimes a gleet of viſcid water will diſtil from the wound, and the hock will ſwell, which may be removed with the fomentations mentioned in punctured wounds.

The firſt dreſſings may be turpentine ſpread on tow, which may be afterwards mixed with precipitate finely ground; that is, two drams of precipitate to an ounce of turpentine. The diſcharge may continue for two months, and yet afterwards come to a gold colour and conſiſtence, and then the wound will ſoon heal.

In an old horſe, firing them round the hoc is the moſt likely method to ſucceed, ſo as to render him fit for ſome ſort of buſineſs, but a perfect cure is never to be expected.

OF THE CURB, OSSLET, JARDON, AND RINGBONE.

A Curb is a hard callous ſwelling, not unlike the ſpavin for conſiſtence: it riſes from the joining of the bones of the hock, on the hind part, and forms a pretty large tumour from below the heel of the hock, and running a good way on the back part of the hind leg, covers the *epiphyſis* of the inſtep bone, and in ſome gummy horſes ſpreads on both ſides the legs. It is attended with ſtiffneſs, and ſometimes with pain and lameneſs.

The cure may generally be performed with the bliſtering ointment preſcribed for the ſpavin. But if the curb is exceeding hard and obſtinate, it will be neceſſary to fire it with a thin iron, which is the quickeſt way to get rid of it. You muſt make one line in the middle from the top to the bottom, and then croſsways on each ſide like a feather. The lines muſt be pretty deep, and when they are made, a little mild bliſtering ointment muſt be laid over the part, and when it has done running, lay the ſtrengthening plaiſter of the ſhops over the ſore. If the horſe is full of blood and humours, it will be proper to purge after the cure with ſome gentle phyſic.

Oſslets are little hard ſubſtances among the bones on the inſide of the knee. They grow out of the gummy ſubſtances, which faſten thoſe bones together, when the horſe is young, and before the joints are well knit. When they are taken notice of in time, a little oil of *origanum* rubbed on the part every other day will effect a cure; but if they are of long continuance, they muſt be removed by firing.

A *Jardon* is a ſwelling on the outſide of the hock, proceeding from a kick or ſome ſuch accident. It is not dangerous, becauſe it does not affect the motion of the joint; and if taken in time, may be cured with the repeated application of vinegar. But if it is inveterate, and creates a deformity, the beſt way is to bliſter or fire; a mild bliſtering is generally ſufficient, unleſs the jardon is hard and inſenſible.

A *Ringbone* is a hard ſwelling on the lower part of the paſtern, which generally reaches half way round its fore part like a ring, whence its name is derived. It generally takes its riſe from the joining of the great and little paſtern bones, and cauſes a ſtiffneſs in the motion of

the paſtern and foot; and when it grows hard and large, brings on a lameneſs, eſpecially when it falls down to the coffin joint.

When a ringbone appears on the foot of a well ſhaped ſlender horſe, it is not ſo dangerous as to horſes that have large bones and are fleſhy in thoſe parts. For as the ſwelling is removed in theſe, a ſtiffneſs often remains. When it remains diſtinct in its proper place, it is always more eaſily removed, than when it ſpreads downwards towards the coronet, on account of its affecting the coffin joint. Some times it may be derived from that joint originally; and then the cure is uncertain. When a calloſity is found under the round ligament that covers the joint, it is impracticable. When it unites with the ligamentous ſubſtance that joins the hoof to the fleſh, it is apt to turn to a quittor. When it continues on the paſtern without running down to the coronet, it is eaſily cured, and in colts wear off ſpontaneouſly.

A genuine ringbone requires no other remedy beſides bliſtering, unleſs it be very hard, and then it will require bliſtering and firing. When there is a ſwelling which proceeds from the tendons, it is hard to be diſtinguiſhed from a ringbone, but by its being more painful; and to cure this, bliſtering alone is ſufficient, which muſt be renewed two or three times if the urgency of the ſymptoms require it. When a ſwelling of the legs attends the ringbone, it will be neceſſary to give him two or three purges, and in ſome caſes diuretics.

When the ringbone is hard and inſenſible like a piece of flint, there will be a neceſſity of firing it, becauſe all other methods are too mild, which muſt be done with a thin inſtrument, and the lines muſt not be above a quarter of an inch aſunder, and they muſt be croſſed obliquely, with the ſame diſtances; then lay a mild bliſtering ointment over it, which will be generally ſufficient for a cure. When it has done running.

Take the ſtrengthening plaiſter eight ounces; yellow roſin and bees wax, of each three ouces: melt them together with a little oil, and make a charge to be ſpread over the paſtern joint, covering the whole with flocks or the ſtuffing of an old ſaddle. The oil muſt be juſt ſo much as will keep the charge from being brittle.

In two or three days time, when the charge is ſettled to the part, it will be proper to turn the horſe out to graſs. This method is to be followed when the ring bone falls towards the coronet of the coffin-joint; for firing may be performed ſafely all over the coronet, as well as cauſtic applications may be laid thereon, without any danger. After which the charge muſt be applied, which prevents quittors and ulcerations under the hoof. Some draw out the ſole by way of prevention, but it is ſeldom attended with ſucceſs.

OF SPLENTS.

Splents are hard excreſcences which grow out of the ſhank bone, of various ſhapes and ſizes. Some are large and others ſmall; ſome are round and others have a ridge. When one riſes on one ſide of the bone, and another on the oppoſite ſide, ſome take them for one, and call it a *thorough Splent*. As alſo another that is fixed like a wedge between the back ſinew and the hard part of the bone, reaching acroſs from ſide to ſide.

Splents on the legs of colts and young horſes, ſeldom want a remedy, becauſe they will fall off themſelves, in proportion as the parts acquire a firmneſs. On the other hand, when the ſubſtance of a ſplent is become quite bony, it will

be

Hogarth delt. *J. Scott sculp.*

PIT (ROYAL SPORT) TICKET.

Published May 1 1797, by I. Wheble, Warwick Court.

be in vain to meddle with it at all, especially when the skin is quite loose over it. Splents never cause lameness unless they arise near the bending of the joint, or are so placed as to press against the back sinew.

At the time when splents first appear, the best method of cure is to rub the small of the leg with vinegar or old verjuice, which generally stops their growth, and causes them to wear away insensibly. Some moist constitutions require purging and diuretics. When the splent is near the knee, it must be treated as a bone spavin, by blistering and firing all over.

The cure of a splent between the back sinew and the bone is by boring it in several places with an iron that is not very hot, taking care not to hurt the back sinew, and avoiding the veins as much as possible; and then the horse must be fired all over the back part of the legs like a feather, making the lines pretty close together, but not deep. However, the best way is to try mild blisters, which bid fair for success, and will produce no deformity.

(To be continued.)

THE COCK-PIT ROYAL,

By William Hogarth.

THE original plates of this celebrated master having been worn to an useless state by the numerous impressions taken from them, and the ingenious Mr. Cook the engraver, having made some progress in publishing a new set of plates of the same size, after the manner of the original engravings, it has not only again brought Hogarth into fashion, but rendered the merit of his excellent performances the subject of general conversation. Amongst these curious engravings is the well known Cock-Pit Royal, and surely the subject is not inapplicable to our Miscellany, we have therefore given a quarto sized plate of it in the present Number, and which will doubtless be readily admitted in place of two smaller plates.

The following is the description of the Cock Pit Royal.

COCK-PIT ROYAL.

Sherlock, in his Letters to a friend at Paris, familiarly says, "It is "worth your while to come to "England, where it only to see "an election and a cock-match. "There is a celestial spirit of anar- "chy and confusion, in these two "scenes, that words cannot paint, "and of which no countryman of "yours can form even an idea."

But, if neither of these scenes can be described by words, the Parisian who has never visited England, may, from our artist's engravings, form a tolerably correct idea of the *anarchy* of an election, and the *confusion* of a cock-pit.

The scene of the cock-pit is supposed to be laid at Newmarket: and in this motley group of peers, pick-pockets, jockies, butchers, and gamblers of every denomination, Lord Albemarle Bertie, a lover and promoter of the diversion is entitled to precedence. His lordship was totally blind, and therefore his passion for amusements of this nature was thought extremely singular. We see him beset by seven steady friends, five of whom at the same instant offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, taking advantage of his blindness, endeavours to transfer a bank-note from his lordship's hat into his own pocket. A ragged boy and a butcher inform his lordship of the piratical attempt; but he is so much engaged in the arrangement of his bets, and so loud and vehement in the repetition of those important words, "Done! done!

done! done! that the note will probably be negociated.

The old nobleman, adorned with a ribbon, a ſtar, and a pair of ſpectacles, is ſurrounded by a very curious group; the weight of a maſſy carpenter being laid upon his ſhoulder, forces him upon a man beneath, who falls upon a fourth; and the fourth, unable to ſupport the accumulated preſſure of the three, loſes his balance, and breaks his head againſt the edge of the partition—his wig falls into the cock-pit.

A man adjoining enters into the genuine ſpirit of the battle—by his claſped hand and diſtorted countenance, we diſcover that his whole ſoul is engaged. A perſon at the left hand of the old peer perceiving the odds to be againſt him, vexation and diſappointment are viſible in his countenance. The chimney-ſweeper, the ſanctified quaker, and the fellow beneath, are admirably contraſted. A French marquis, on the other ſide, ſurpriſed that this ſhould be called amuſement, is exclaiming, *Sauvages! ſauvages!*—At the ſame time careleſsly opening his ſnuff-box, ſome of the contents fall into the eyes of a man below, who ſneezes and ſwears moſt wonderfully.

Near him is an old cripple, with a trumpet at his ear, and a perſon roaring in the trumpet. The figure with a cock peeping out of a bag is ſaid to be intended for Jackſon, a jockey: his gravity, and the cool ſedateneſs of a man regiſtering the wagers, are well oppoſed to the grinning woman behind, and the fellow ſtripped to his ſhirt, offering to bet *Ginger* againſt *Pye* for a guinea.

The lower ſide contains only one tier of figures; an apothecary and a jockey, concluding a bet by ſtriking together the handles of their whips. A votary of Bacchus is in danger of loſing his half-emptied purſe. We are not at a loſs reſpecting the profeſſion of a gentleman who has a *gibbet* chalked upon his coat. An enraged barber lifts up his ſtick, denouncing vengeance againſt a loſer who refuſes payment. The philoſopher, at the top, coolly ſmokes his pipe, unmoved by this *craſh of matter*, and the *wreck of property*. Like the Gog and Magog of Guidhall, ſtand the two tremendous feeders.

The *ſhadow* on the cock-pit is the reflection of a man drawn up to the ceiling in a baſket, and there ſuſpended as a puniſhment for having betted more money than he can pay.*

For theatrical decoration, we have the King's arms, and a portrait of *Nan Rawlins*, frequently called *Deptford Nan*, and ſometimes the *Dutcheſs of Deptford*, a very ugly old woman, and a famous cock-feeder, well known in Newmarket: ſhe did the honours of the gentlemen's ordinary at Northampton, while a batchelor was deputed to preſide at the table appropriated to the ladies.

In the margin, at the bottom of the print, is an oval, with a fighting cock, inſcribed ROYAL SPORT, and underneath is written PIT TICKET.

Though pleaſed with the whole of this extraordinary group, &c. we are more particularly ſo with the figure of the man ſneezing;—we abſolutely hear him.—And the fellow ſtealing a bank note has all the outward and viſible marks of a moſt accompliſhed pick-pocket.

A Critical Eſſay on Somerville's Poem of the Chace, by I. AIKIN, *M.D.*

(Continued from page 343.*)*

THE poem of Mr. Somerville, however, is much leſs a philoſophical than it is a deſcriptive one.

* By the cock-pit laws, the man who cannot, or will not pay his debts of honour, is liable to exaltation in a baſket.

one. The writer was a real, not a ſpeculative ſportſman; and it was not till fixed to his elbow chair by infirmity, that he thought of writing on the Chace, inſtead of following it. Claſſically educated, but as it appears, with a mind not remarkably opened by habits of inveſtigation, or elevated by images of the fancy, he has produced a piece, the principal excellence of which, conſiſts in pictures drawn from the life, and animated by the warm genuine feelings of the painter. The language, the ſentiments, the incidents, all diſplay perfect acquaintance with the ſcenes deſcribed: and in hurrying from narration to narration, with little interpoſition of digreſſive and fanciful matter, he ſeems rather borne directly onward by his ardour for a favourite ſubject, than bounded by incapacity for excurſive flights. By his manner of writing he has certainly attained that which ſhould be the principal aim of every writer, whether in verſe or proſe—he has deeply intereſted his reader in his deſcriptions, and has placed every thing before the imagination in the ſtrong light and vivid colours of reality. But the merit of the work is not confined to truth and ſpirit alone. Its plan and arrangement are formed with competent ſkill; variety and contraſt are ſtudied with ſucceſs; and the attempt, at leaſt, to break the uniformity of deſcription by the intermixture of ſentiment and reflection, has not been neglected.

To proceed to a more particular examination of the poem—after a dedicatory addreſs to the Prince of Wales, in ſtrains ſufficiently adulatory, the writer gives a ſlight ſketch of the origin of hunting in times of barbariſm, and of its introduction in a more poliſhed form into this iſland. The brevity with which he paſſes over theſe topics, certainly not unfertile of poetical ideas, proves his impatience to quit ſpeculation and conjecture for the realities of deſcription. A ſhort but ſpirited paſſage on the praiſes of Britain, next introduces the propoſed ſubject of the work, declared in an addreſs to the youth of hereditary landed property; and the poet feelingly alludes to his own ſituation, prevented by years and infirmities from joining in the pleaſures of the chace, but ſtill recalling with delight his former triumphs, and pleaſed to point out to others the way to like renown.

The proper buſineſs of the book commences with a deſcription of the dog kennel, in which he ſoon exhibits his talents for accurate and lively painting, by repreſentations of the pack iſſuing forth in the morning, oppreſſed by the fervour of noon, bathing in the cool ſtream, ſporting with each other, and engaging in broils and combats. A particular and beautiful deſcription of the hare-hound or beagle ſucceeds, which is followed by a ſketch of other kinds, adapted for different departments of the chace. This introduces a digreſſion concerning the blood hounds which were formerly kept on the Scottiſh border, and employed in detecting robbers. The picture of one of theſe at work, in purſuing by the ſcent and at laſt detecting the felon, is highly animated. Hence the poet is naturally led to ſome philoſophical diſcuſſion on the nature and cauſe of thoſe effluvia which exerciſe the admirable ſagacity of the canine ſpecies, and he concludes the book with ſhewing the effects of atmoſpherical changes on the ſcenting power of dogs, and with ſome liberal ſentiments concerning the advantages of a cultured mind in enabling a perſon to enjoy at home thoſe days which are unfit for the diverſions of the field.

The ſecond book opens with a philoſophical ſubject, which the poet

poet, had he been so disposed, might not unsuitably have pursued to a greater extent. It is the power of instinct in modifying the actions and habits of the brute creation. He contents himself, however, with instancing its effects in two animals, the roebuck and the hare. In speaking of the latter, he slides into a fuller description of its manners and mode of life, preparatory to the first grand picture in his work, that of a hare hunt. A pleasing view of autumn, and a spirited sketch of the dawn of day, are the immediate preludes. The impatience of the fiery courser, and the extacy of the pack let loose from their kennel, and ready to begin the chace, are finely painted. The ensuing description receives peculiar value from its circumstantial minuteness; which, displayed in natural and energetic language, intermixed with bursts of genuine feeling, gives wonderful force and truth to the whole scenery. If any one compares the finished picture of a Chace by Somerville, with the draughts by Thomson, formed upon general ideas and interspersed with sentiment and reflection, he will be sensible of the great difference between writing upon a topic merely as belonging to a general subject, and indulging in a favourite theme, which dwells on the mind in the vivid colours of memory and affection. It would be scarce possible, even in prose, to describe the hunting of the hare with more exactness than is here done; yet the language throughout is sufficiently elevated, and some of the passages are truly poetical. Such is that, describing the music of the Chace, and its fascinating effects upon all the hearers; well exemplifying the universality of that passion which urges men to partake of the hunter's pastime. Though there are touches in the representation which may call forth the emotions of pity in a feeling mind, yet the poet has judiciously refrained from enforcing them by moral sentiment and reflection, which would act in contradiction to his purpose. The effect of the opposite conduct of Thomson, in converting a joyous scene into a melancholy one, is obvious.

This humble though animated English hunting-piece is succeeded by a contrast, representing the chace in its utmost pomp and magnificence, with respect both to the persons engaged in it, and the objects. It is an eastern picture, copied from the relations of travellers; and to which, therefore, the writer has brought nothing but his acquired skill in poetical painting, with the enthusiasm inspired by a favourite subject. It is truly a grand and noble piece, abounding in rich images and striking incidents, and wrought with great force and distinctness of colouring. Its character being, as it were, historical, there is little scope for strokes of the fancy, yet the effect of the martial music, and shouts of the surrounding hunters upon the enclosed wild beasts, is conceived with true poetic imagination:

> ——————— tygers fell
> Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy den,
> The lion starts, and morsels yet unchewed
> Drop from his trembling jaws.

And the mutual rage of the encircled savages against each other, with their sudden tameness at the approach of their human foe, are striking ideas. If any objection lies against this splendid picture, it is, that being introduced thus early, it has a tendency to flatten and diminish the subsequent scenes. We shall see, however, that the poet has made the best use of his personal knowledge, to throw an interest, by the force and clearness of circumstance, upon the home descriptions he afterwards introduces.

The

The third book commences with the fox chace, a subject which he seems to have laboured more *con amore* than any other. It is, indeed, the capital scene of action to the English sportsman, for though the stag is a much nobler object of pursuit, the chace of the fox abounds with greater variety of incident, and is a severer trial to the spirit of the hunters, and the perseverance of the dogs and horses. The brief account of the extirpation of the wolf, a kindred animal, from this island, forms an appropriate introduction. The casting off of the hounds, their working upon the scent, the unkennelling of the fox, his breaking away to the open country, and the full cry of the pack, are all highly animated pictures. In the pursuit, somewhat of the ludicrous is intermixed, together with some pathetic incidents, which last appear rather incongruous in a scene which is represented as inspiring "the madness of delight."

The notice taken of other modes of destroying this noxious animal, introduces a digression, in which are described the methods of taking the lion and the elephant in pitfalls, the curious manner of hunting the leopard by means of a mirror, and a wild boar chace. All these pictures are copied from other authors, and of course are not enlivened with the spirit and circumstance of the British ones. Yet they afford an agreeable variety; and the draughts of the lion astonished by his fall into the pit, and of the elephant issuing majestically from his covert in the evening, are vigorously conceived.

The other capital picture of this book is that of a stag-hunt in Windsor-forest. Though vastly inferior in magnificence to that of the Indian hunting before described, it is, however, drawn in a dignified style, and made to partake of the polish aud splendour of a court. Such being its character, it is no wonder that the ardour and animation congenial to the chace, when partaken of by equals, is somewhat kept down; and that a kind of awe and respect for the exalted personages who compose the principal figures takes place of the sportsman's rapture. This too, is the only scene in which ladies are introduced as forming part of the group; whence gallantry has its share in the sentiments, But, much as we must admire the graceful form of the huntress, the pensive lover at her side makes rather an insipid figure. There is, however, considerable variety and interest in the events of the chace; and much diligence is employed to render the descriptions full and poetical. It concludes with a compliment to the sovereign on a supposed exertion of mercy in saving the life of the hunted animal; but the occasion is too trivial to justify the pomp of the sentiment.

The fourth book commences with a strain of philosophising, the drift of which it is not easy to discover If the purpose were, to establish the position, that unless a pack of hounds be recruited with a young brood it will fall to decay, less effort and solemnity would have sufficed: it serves, however, as an introduction to various didactic topics belonging to his general subject; such as the mode of rearing a young progeny, the choice of those which are best worth preserving, and the discipline by which they are to be trained, all which are treated in an interesting manner. The character of the babbling and unsteady hound is well drawn; and the method of curing the propensity to worrying sheep forms a natural and humorous picture. Touching on the diseases of dogs, the poet is led to

to a particular deſcription of that dreadful malady, canine madneſs, in which the contraſted figures of melancholy and fury in the animal ſubject, are ſketched with great force. In deſcribing the hydrophobia in the human ſubject, he ſeems not equally ſucceſsful; and more knowledge of fact would have enabled him to render the draught more ſtriking, without any mixture of fabulous circumſtances. All this part of the fourth book would ſeem more naturally attached to the firſt, which treats of introductory matter: but the writer probably reſerved it for this place, in order to break that continuity of hunting-pieces, which might otherwiſe have proved tireſome. The laſt picture of this kind is well diſcriminated from the reſt by a change of ſcene to another element. The chace of the otter, though an animal rather mean and inconſiderable, affords ſome very lively and amuſing deſcription. The view of a rivulet, and the various tribes of fiſh by which it is peopled, is truly beautiful; and there are ſome very picturesque touches in the watery landſcape of the otter's retreat. It may be remarked, that though every former chace has contained full and rapturous deſcriptions of the "gallant chiding," the muſic of the hound and horn, the poet has been able in the preſent to repeat it with circumſtances of novelty, that give it ſtriking effect.

The poem concludes with an imitation of VIRGIL's well-known praiſe of a rural life, in the ſecond Georgic. The application, however, is leſs happy than in the original; for the poem of SOMERVILLE being profeſſedly addreſſed to the heirs of great families, as thoſe beſt qualified to enjoy the pleaſures of the chace, there exiſts no real oppoſition between them, and the poſſeſſors of opulence and ſplendour. It is true, he has, as much as poſſible, given it the turn of a contraſt between town and country—between the ambitious courtier and the ſportſman; but ſince, in fact, the fox-hunter in the country is often the politician in town, and hunting-matches are uſually aſſociated with party, the diſtinction is rather apparent than real. Further, the ſports of the hunter are noiſy, tumultuous, attended with parade, and generally ending in conviviality; they ill accord, therefore, with the calm, retired, reflective diſpoſition of the lover of nature and votary of philoſophy. If theſe taſtes were united in Somerville, it is certain that they are rarely found to be ſo in his brother ſportſmen. In reality, it is not among them that the admirers even of a poem on the chace are to be looked for. This work will chiefly be read by the readers of Engliſh poetry in general; and its chief merit will be to have afforded them a ſource of pleaſing novelty;—to have placed in their view a ſet of lively pictures, which will ſtrike with the appearance of truth, even thoſe who are not practical judges of their ſubjects.

From what has been above remarked, the poetical character of Somerville will be eaſily deduced. He is ſtrictly and almoſt ſolely a *deſcriptive* poet; and his talent lies in delineating actual ſcenes with fidelity and ſpirit, adorning them with the beauties of diction, but leaving them to act upon the imagination by their own force, without aid from the creations of fancy. In claſſical alluſion he is not deficient, but it is of the more common kind; and little occurs in his writings that indicates a mind inſpired by that exalted enthuſiaſm which denotes the genius of ſuperior rank. His verſification is generally correct and well varied, and evidently

dently

dently flows from a nice and practised ear. His language is well suited to his subjects, rising and sinking with them, and free from that stiffness and affectation so commonly attendant upon blank verse. It more resembles that of Armstrong, than of Thomson or Akenside. Some of his other poems shew him to have had a strong perception of the ludicrous; and in this, too, traits of humour are discernable. On the whole, Somerville occupies a respectable place among our native poets; and his Chace is probably the best performance upon that topic which any country has produced."

(To be continued.)

Cheap Travelling

~~ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.~~

JOHN Kilburn, a person well known to many Gentlemen of the Turf, as a list-seller and attendant in the stables at most of the races in the kingdom, died lately at a public house at Water Newton, in Huntingdonshire. He had undergone various vicissitudes in life; had been a horse-dealer of some eminence, and in that line travelled into France, and other foreign parts; returning to England poor, he entered into several Militias, and was at one time a serjeant in the Huntingdonshire; but his predeliction for horses and the Turf, occasioned him to quit that situation. At a town in Bedfordshire, some years ago, he was, according to the turf phrase, *quite broke down!* It was in harvest time. The week before Richmond Races, near which place he was born, and to reach there in time, he hit on the following expedient:—He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words "*Richmond Gaol,*" which, with a chain, was fixed to one of his legs and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a Magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not being tried, and hoped they would not let him lay till another assizes. The constables, on their arrival at the gaol, accosted the keeper with—"Sir, do you know this man?"—"Yes, very well; its Kilburn; I have known him many years."—"We suppose he has broke out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on his leg with your mark; is not he a prisoner?"—"A prisoner! I never heard any harm of him in my life."—"Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, Sir; they have been so good as to bring me home out of Bedfordshire, and now I will not give them any farther trouble; I've got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it. I thank them for their good usage."—The distance he thus travelled was about 170 miles.

A curious ANECDOTE *in* NATURAL HISTORY.

(From LYSON's *Environs of London, Vol.* IV.*)*

LITTLE Grove, in the parish of East Barnet, in Hertfordshire, was the seat of the late Mr. Justice Willes, who purchased it of Fane William Sharpe, Esq. Mr. Sharpe's father had at this place a Canada goose, which formed an extraordinary affection for a house dog. The story is extremely well attested, and furnishes a very curious anecdote in Natural History. It was drawn up by Mr. E. W. Sharpe, and inserted in his copy of Willoughby's Ornithology.

3 B 2 The

The following account of a Canada goose is so extraordinary, that, I am aware it would with difficulty gain credit, were not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry-yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition; one of these birds was observed, however, to attach itself in the strongest and most affectionate manner, to the house dog; would never quit the kennel except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this the dog who treated his faithful companion rather with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night unless driven by main force; and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole day, in sight of the dog. At last orders were given she should no longer be molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked: being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, whenever the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued to his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress.

While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed, and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died she would still keep possession of the kennel; and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

Observations on British Horses.

(Concluded from page 317.)

RACES appears to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such excess as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George, Earl of Cumberland, is recorded to have wasted more of his estate than any of his ancestors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horse-races, tiltings, and other expensive diversions. It is probable, the parsimonious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diversions exhibited at Kenelworth by her favourite Leicester. In the following reign were places allotted for the sport, Croydon in the South, and Garterly in Yorkshire, were celebrated courses. Camden also says, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not

Not that we deny this diversion to be known in these kingdoms in earlier times; we only assert a different mode of it,—gentlemen being their own jockies, and riding their own horses. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, enumerates it among the sports, that gallant philosopher thought unworthy of a man of honour. "The exercise," says he, "I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind, neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away."

The increase of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey those manufactures, multiplied the number of our horses: an excess of wealth before unknown in these islands, increased the luxury of carriages, and added to the necessity of an extraordinary culture of these animals; their high reputation abroad has also made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cause of their vast increase.

As no kingdom can boast of parallel circumstances, so none can vie with us in the number of these noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to guess at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increase; the number seems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates that in the reign of King Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horsemen in the wars of those times; yet we find in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not supply 2000 horses to form our cavalry; and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the most iminent danger from the Spanish invasion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnish, amounted to only 3000; to account for this difference we must imagine, that the number of horses which took the field in Stephen's reign, was no more than an undisciplined rabble: the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps well formed, and such as might be opposed to so formidable an enemy as was then expected; but such is their present increase, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575, and such is our improvement in the breed of horses, that most of those which are used in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the same purpose: of those our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almost exhausted the subject of the natural history of the horse, and the other domestic animals: and left very little for after-writers to add.

We may observe, that this most noble and useful quadruped, is endowed with every quality that may make it subservient to the uses of mankind, and those qualities appear in a more exhalted or in a less degree, in proportion to our various necessities:

The Manners of Paris.

WE translate the following morsel, as it pretends to give us a picture of the gay world of Paris. It is a letter from one lady to another.

"I lament, my charming friend, that the death of your mother prevented you from assisting at the ball of Madame ***. Nothing else is talked of to-day: in fact nothing could be more gallant. Madame *** presented a bouquet to each lady as she entered: it was composed of artificial flowers, but adapted

adapted to every one's drefs. At fupper above an hundred beautiful women fat down at two parallel tables. Before each chair a Cupid fupported a chandelier of two branches; in the centre was a tube, in which each lady placed her bouquet; and the table thus prefented a delicious parterre.

"The fupper was ferved on *Chaufres* (Richauds) with fpirits of wine; but fo contrived that the covers were placed ten inches above the *Chaufre*, fo that the flame, which was highly perfumed, afcended among the tapers and flowers, and gave an incredible brilliancy to the diamonds with which we were decorated. The fervants did not enter the fupper-room, and the moft amiable cavaliers difputed for the honour of waiting upon us.

"Never did fo much order reign amidft pleafures fo exquifite; every thing was forefeen and arranged with a care fo *recherché*, and fo natural, that this ball has abfolutely put Madame *** at the head of the fafhion.

"We danced till broad daylight, and our *foupe à loignon* was taken with *une gaiete folle**.

"They played me a trick almoft mortal. Two or three ladies fpread the report that I was to give the next ball. All the young devils crowded round me, and I was careffed, flattered, and cajoled into a promife that will ruin me. *Mais n'importe.*

"It was in vain for my hufband to contend that he could not afford it. I agreed with all his objections, yielded to all his remonftrances, and carried my point. So that we are going to fell the delicious little fpot which he bought *during the time*, for a morfel of bread, and for which we are now offered 25,000l.

"As your mother lived out of town, I wonder that you fhould announce her death. It will deprive you of a fortnight of pleafure. But you muft come to my ball. You muft affift me to invent fomething new. I muft outfhine Madame ***. I have fome celeftial ideas to furprife you. Adieu, *mon cœur!*"

We will not frighten our polite readers with Greek quotations; it will be fufficient to refer to that mafter of the Art of Love Ovid, who gives onions a diftinguifhed rank among his prefcriptions.

Bulbos, et ex horto quæ venit herba falax,
Ovaque fumantur, fumantur Hymettia mella, &c.

Art. Am. II. 422.

In his Remedy of Love he forbids the ufe of them, 797.

Et quicquid veneri corpora noftra parat.

* The French editor thinks it neceffary to inform his provincial readers, that it is now the ton, after dancing all night, to ferve *onion foup*. Onion foup has paffed, he fays, from the *guingette* into the *fallon doré*. It is pretty well known, however, to every claffical Bacchant, that there is no reftorative after a debauch like onions.

A Chronological History *of* Boxing.

To the Editor *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Sir,

THE following accurate and retrofpective view of the principal performances in the gymnaftic line, will be doubtlefs a gratification to many of your readers, as it may be looked upon as a compendious hiftory of the Science. Should you deem it worthy of infertion in your much read and juftly efteemed mifcellany, it will be a favour conferred on your

Occafional correfpondent,

J. J B.

Before

Before we enter upon the history of the first school of Boxing, it may not be amiss to say something of the famous Fig.

He was the most succesful prize-fighter of his time. His genius and his judgment was so great, that the first sporting characters applied to him for his advice, and when the weapons were dropt, and boxing became the vogue, he was then in greater request than ever. No match was made without his advice and concurrence; he knew the men and their abilities, and always matched them to the satisfaction of the spectators.

Fig, who originally came from Thame in Oxfordshire, had a Theatre in Tottenham Court Road, where regular exhibitions of boxing were first displayed for the amusement of the public.

The principal champions of this period (1735) were Thomas Pipes and —— Gretting. Pipes was the neatest and best boxer of his time. He fought at the face most, and put in his blows with surprising agility, time, and judgment. He maintained his battles for many years by his extraordinary skill against men of far superior strength.

Gretting was a strong antagonist to Pipes. They contended hard together for some time, and were alternately victors. Gretting was the most artful fighter of his time, stronger made than Pipes, and dealt the straightest projectile blow of all his competitors. But what made Pipes a match for him, was his rare bottom, which enabled him to bear a deal of beating, and with this Gretting was not so well furnished; for after he was beat twice together by Pipes, Hammersmith Jack, a mere blundering boxer, beat him by dint of hard blows, and so did every one that fought him from that time.

Much about this time there was one Whitaker, a very strong fellow, but a clumsy boxer. However, he had two qualifications that very much contributed to bring him through, where his deficiency in skill rendered him inferior to his antagonist, and which was a peculiar way of throwing, and contriving to pitch his weighty body upon the fallen man, by which he often put them out of wind. The other, that he was a hardy fellow, and could bear a deal of banging.

This was the man fixed upon to fight the famous Venetian Gondelier. The match was made at Slaughter's Coffee-house, by a nobleman of an advanced station. Fig was employed to procure a proper man, and had particular charge given him, because it was for a large sum, and the Venetian was a man of extraordinary strength and famous for breaking the jaw-bone in boxing. Fig replied, in his rough manner, "I do not know, Master, but he may break one of his own countryman's jaw-bones with his fists, but I will bring him a man, and he shall not break his jaw-bone with a sledge-hammer in his hand." Until the man appeared, it was doubted whether the Venetian's antagonist had not had the bone extracted after some former contest.

The battle was fought at Fig's amphitheatre, before the politest company that ever was seen on the occasion. While the Gondelier was stripping, several English gentlemen particularly remarked the tremendous figure of the man. His arm took up all observation, it was surprising long, large and muscular. He advanced pitching himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended; and as Whitaker approached, gave him such a blow upon the side of the head, that knocked him off the stage over the railing, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's misfortune

tune in this fall was, that the company being very genteel, they would not permit any common people in, who there usually sat on the ground, and lined the stage all round. It was then all clear, and Whitaker had nothing to stop him but the ground.

As he fell, there arose a general clamorous foreign huzza on the side of the Venetian, pronouncing the Englishman's downfall; but Whitaker took no more time than was necessary to get up again, when finding his fault in standing out to the length of the other's arm, he with a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one English peg in the stomach, quite a new thing to the foreigner, threw him down upon his backside. The Venetian got up again, and after scrambling with him about the stage for a few minutes, gave out.

So fine a house was too engaging to Fig not to wish to raise such another; he, therefore, as soon as the battle was over, stepped up to the company, and told the gentlemen, that whatever they might think of the man he had fixed on to beat the Venetian, he was far from being the best man for the fist in London; and to convince them he was in earnest, he said, that if they would come that day se'nnight, he would produce a man who should beat this Whitaker in ten minutes, by fair hitting. This brought as great a company as the week before. The man pitched upon was one Nat Peartree, who knowing the other's mode of fighting, and his deadly way of flinging, took a most judicious way to beat him, and that was in closing his eyes. His judgment carried in his arm so well, that in about six minutes, both Whitaker's eyes were close shut up, when he groping about awhile for his man, and not finding him, very prudently gave out, saying, "Damme, I'm not beat—but what signifies my fighting, when I cannot see my man."

It is difficult, where information depends upon the memory entirely, to be absolutely certain in the dates. What has been related, though in the remembrance of many, is yet so long ago, that it is not easy to ascertain the exact time; however, we now approach to times a little fresher, and of more recent remembrance,

(To be continued.)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The FARO MOUSE.

MR. EDITOR,

MANY conjectures have been made, who stole the Faro Bank? Give me leave to mention a circumstance that may point out the thief.

A certain lady was some time ago at a route, given by the late worthy Countess of Guildford. When coming away, this lady, by *mistake*, took another lady's cloak. When she came home, she discovered, for the *first* time, that the lace on the cloak was of very extraordinary value, though the cloak itself was not, and without enquiring who was the rightful owner, she immediately ordered her servant to rip off the lace for the purpose of putting it on a new cloak in her possession. But unfortunately, while the servant was busy, a rap came to the door. The cloak was demanded, and my lady's rag presented. Here was a scene of confusion. There's nobody at home; call again, was the answer. The lace was sewed to its proper cloak, and the cloak was returned next day. Now is it not probable, that the lady who took the cloak *by mistake*, also stole the Faro Bank?

St. James's Square. SQUEAK.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS *from a Pamphlet, entitled*, A SHORT TREATISE ON THE GLANDERS AND FARCY. *By a Lieutenant of Dragoons.*

(*Concluded from Page 324.*)

THE Farcy being so nearly connected with the Glanders, I have in addition to the treatment of the Glanders, annexed a mode of treatment for the Farcy also, immediately after, and as a sequel to the treatment of the Glanders.

As the communicated imperfect Glanders is more likely to produce the *perfect* disease, and in a much shorter space of time than the *native imperfect*, we cannot be too expeditious in the application of our practice for its removal; nor must our attention be lost for a moment, towards an horse, that in apparent perfect health, hath any enlarged glands about the throat, and under the jaws, (or to be more accurate, a swelled gland under the jaws); for in the *communicated glanders*, the infection seldom happens to take place, but on one side; nor doth any discharge in this case appear but at one nostril; and all farriers are well aware that those symptoms indicate the worst species of glanders.

In the *Native Imperfect Glanders* you may leave nature for some little time to her own operations, with the common assistance of hot bran-marshes, and warm clothing: for although I consider every disease of the glands, as a degree of glanders, and that every horse with a running at the nose, and enlarged glands, hath the glanders *imperfectly*, yet I allow, as the disease at this period frequently discharges itself entirely, (and perfect health being restored by the aforementioned common care) that such horses may not be improperly described as having had only a simple cold; but whenever any discharge from the nostrils continues for a length of time; and when the glands of the throat and under the jaws enlarge, and grow hard, recourse should be had immediately to all possible care and precaution to prevent the *perfect* disease, and medicinal assistance should be administered with the greatest industry and attention.

It appears necessary to examine an horse with enlarged glands very frequently, to be well assured that they do not assume a flat appearance: for whenever this is the case, and they feel the least knotty, the *perfect glanders* are not far off, particularly if pressing the part gives the animal any pain, and the glands have any tendency to adhere to the inside flat surface of the jaw-bone.

Admitting the disease of the glanders to be what I have here described it, I am of opinion, that the following mode of treatment administered with care and attention, would in most instances (where the disease is not arrived at its most perfect state) prove effectual; that the neglect which hath too fatally, and too generally fallen to the lot of horses, supposed to be incurably glandered, would be done away; that motives of humanity, added to those of profit, would induce many people to make experiments; so that at last, this destructive malady may be reduced by system, and uniform practice, to a manageable disease.

The general mode of treatment, (from which I shall abstract the particular methods of practice to be observed, according to the different degrees and denominations, into which I have divided the disease) is to stimulate the glands of the insensible transpiration into an increased and active discharge, by warm clothing, and large doses of James's powders, so as to produce sweating to an excessive degree.

After the operation of the sweating hath subsided, and during the whole of the interval (prescribed) to

to be observed between each dose of James's powders, recourse must be had to constant whisking with straw, brushing and rubbing with flannel; and in this part of the treatment the greatest care and attention is requisite, for not a particle of the mucus produced by the sweating must be suffered to dry on the horse, as the transpired matter may very justly be considered as diseased, and might probably produce farcy.

During the operation of the powders, endeavour to set the larger class of glands at liberty, by discharging their diseased contents by the application of mercurial ointment, administered by the rubbing it in at the pasterns, which will very speedily pass by the absorbents to the diseased glands, and counteract the progress of the infectious matter: keep the body open during this time, with small doses of calomel, and bran--mashes.

The whole glandular system being thus universally exited, its circulation increased, and all its morbid affections being in this manner purged from the diseased subject, I think it is but fair, to look for an happy and fortunate sequel to our labours, in having succeeded in the removal of a disease, which hath hitherto frustrated every other mode of practice.

The Rules and Observations to be particularly attended to, in the treatment of the different denominations of the glanders, and the methods of practice for each separate degree of the disease, I propose as follows:

1st. Native Perfect Glanders.

At this period of the disease, great care must be taken not to produce any increased transpiration or sweating, until the contents of the large glands are in some measure meliorated by the rubbing in of mercurial ointment at the pasterns for several days, at the rate of half an ounce each pastern; for any sweating without taking this precaution, would most probably produce farcy, by carrying putrid contents of the larger glands too suddenly for transpiration, to the milliary glands, and by that means disease them to such a degree, as to cause them to swell, rupture, and slough away.

At the commencement of your practice, let your horse wear a common horse sheet, and after you have carefully rubbed in the mercurial ointment for five or six days, (during the whole of which time, you must feed with you usual allowance of oats with bran-mashes almost cold) give the following ball:

No. 1. Calomel, a drachm and an half.
Venice soap.
Best yellow rosin, 3qrs. of an oz.
Treacle or syrup sufficient to mix these ingredients to the consistence of a common horse ball.

Two days after you have given this ball, increase the heat of your bran-mashes to such a degree, that your horse must stand with his head in the steam for a long time before he can venture to eat it; at the same time increase your clothing to an additional sheet, quarter cloths, and breast-plate: let him remain in this situation for two days, and then begin with James's powders in the following manner;

No 2. James's Powder, 3 drachms.
Liquorice Root in powder, one ounce and half.
Syrup or Treacle sufficient to make a ball.

Let this ball be given at night, and immediately after it, a very hot bran mash; let your horse drink a moderate quantity of warm water, and

and be particularly attentive that his clothing and bedding be sufficient to insure profuse sweating, which must be kept up by additional clothing and repeated hot mashes for twelve hours. As soon as the sweating hath subsided, and your horse begins to be dry, great care must be taken, and great labour used in whisking and brushing, so that no particle of the transpired matter may dry on the hair or skin. This ball, with the preceding treatment, to be repeated every third day, and the diuretic ball with calomel No. 1, to be given between each third day.

During the whole time of this treatment, continue to rub in mercurial ointment at the pasterns, but in smaller quantities than at the commencement of your operations.

Persevere in this practice (without ceasing) until the discharge at the nostrils loses its fœtid smell, and the enlargement of the glands hath subsided, and they have assumed a perfect healthy appearance

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2d. Native Imperfect Glanders.

As at this period of the disease, no putrecency of any consequence can be supposed to have taken place, it doth not signify how soon an increased transpiration or sweating is produced, therefore in this case I propose immediate warm clothing, hot bran-mashes, and the diuretic ball with calomel, as follows:

No. 3. Calomel, 1 drachm.
Venice Soap.
Best yellow Rosin, each 1 oz.
Treacle or syrup sufficient to make a ball.

Two days after the ball, No. 3' give the ball No. 2, as prescribed in the Native Perfect, and repeat it every fourth day, and let the diuretic ball, No. 3, be given bebetween every fourth day.

Small quantities of mercurial ointment may be used during the operations for cure in this disease, as well as in the Perfect Glanders, and in the same manner.

The same attention must be paid to whisking, brushing, and rubbing, at this period of the disease, as in the Perfect Glanders, and the same perseverance will be found requisite to insure its removal.

3d. Communicated Perfect Glanders.

This period of the disease I propose to treat in every respect, after the same manner as the Native Perfect Glanders; as I consider the disease (whether it be native or communicated) when arrived at the period pronounced prefect, as one and the same in its nature and effect, although they originated from different causes.

4th. Communicated Imperfect Glanders.

This period (or rather this disease) I consider as very critical indeed, for as it is in the first instance (and even for some time) local, great care and caution must be had not to make it general, until its malignancy is in some measure subdued; for it must be made general before we can expect a cure for it, as there is no getting at the disease in its local state; therefore I propose charging all the undiseased glands very highly with mercury, (by rubbing in the mercurial ointment at the pasterns, for at least ten days, at the rate of half an ounce each pastern, every night and morning) before any attempt is made to carry off the disease by their means, for fear of conveying the communicated matter through the miliary glands to the excretory vessels for transpiration, in its most milignant state, which might (perhaps) not only produce the Farcy, and disease

the whole system without any good effect, but be the means of bringing on the *perfect* disease, and that at its worst, and most incurable crisis; and thereby overthrow, and render ineffectual every future effort to remove it.

In this disease (therefore) I propose moderate warm clothing, bran mashes almost cold, and at the expiration of ten days, directed for the rubbing in of mercurial ointment, commence with (and persevere in) the treatment prescribed for the Native Perfect Glanders.

THE FARCY.

This disease (as I have before mentioned) I believe to be nothing more than a sloughing away of the miliary glands, which may probably arise from two different causes.

The first cause of Farcy seems to arise from the miliary glands being partially diseased and shut up by cold, so that large clusters of them become swollen and inflamed, by detaining the matter of the insensible transpiration, until the absorbents have had sufficient time to carry their contents (now diseased by detention) materially into the system. This kind of Farcy, therefore, I propose to treat as follows:

For fear the absorbents should have carried a small quantity of their diseased contents to the larger class of glands, and thereby threaten to produce the Native Glanders, it will be necessary to rub in small quantities of mercurial ointment for several days at the commencement of your operations in this disease, at the rate of a quarter of an ounce each pastern, every night.

As soon as this disease can possibly be detected, (observing the direction given for the use of mercury) clothe your horse very warm, give him hot-bran mashes, use sweating exercise, and give the following ball every night and morning.

Best Peruvian Bark (in powder) 1 ounce.
Jalap, 2 drachms.
Powdered Ginger, half a drachm.
Treacle or Syrup sufficient to make a ball.

Should this disease prove obstinate, give the ball, No. 2, as directed in the Native Imperfect Glanders; and if any ulcers appear, dry them up as soon as possible, by the application of red precipitate powder.

The second cause of the Farcy seems to arise from the miliary glands being diseased from the insensible transpiration partaking of the diseased state of the larger class of glands, when affected by the Perfect Glanders; and as this kind of Farcy never happens but with the Perfect Glanders, it seems unnecessary to adopt a separate mode of treatment for its cure.

The Glanders and Farcy being both diseases of a putrid nature, the worst of consequences might result from bleeding, which must, therefore, be cautiously avoided.

In feeding, it will be necessary, in all stages of the glanders, to continue your usual allowance of oats, mixing them always in plentiful bran mashes, and never give less than three feeds a day: a small allowance of hay will be sufficient, but that allowance must be of the best quality.

The methods of cure here proposed, are by no means the produce of mere theoretical idea, but drawn from communications that I have received from several different persons who have made experiments on glandered horses; and the mode of treatment for the Native Glanders, was recited to me by a gentleman of real and experimental knowledge in the diseases of horses, as having succeeded.

The experiment was made on three horses, on two of them it failed, but on the third it produced a ra-

a radical cure: the circumstance of his practice having failed in two cases out of three, led him to suppose, that the success which attended the third attempt, was merely accidental, or that the horse was not really glandered; but I conceive the case to have been as follows:

Having omitted to consider the glanders in its different degrees, he did not discover that in the two first cases, the disease was too far gone to be curable: those two horses might have been, as they most probably were, in the last stage of the Perfect Glanders, and all the incurable symptoms might have taken place; whereas in the third case, the disease might have arrived only towards the last stage of the Imperfect Glanders; the diseased glands, perhaps, were but just commencing to flatten, and shew a tendency to adhere to the inner flat surface of the jaws; therefore, the success which attended his experiments in this case, may, I think, be very fairly ascribed to the mode of practice he had adopted and pursued.

It was on weighing these circumstances, and the nature of these experiments; that first led me to consider the glanders as a general disease of the whole glandular system, and not a local disease of the head. I have since taken every opportunity in my power to prove the fallacy of my theory, if possible, but every observation, every dissection, and every enquiry, hath served, instead of detecting it as fallacious, to prove its soundness, and to impress my mind more fully with the hope of being able, by pursuing with persevering attention the theory and practice I have described, to reduce, by a steady and systematic treatment, the cure of the glanders, to as great a certainty as any other disease to which horses are liable.

Should the observation contained in the preceding pages, induce any gentleman of leisure and ability to give attention to this subject, and discuss it more fully, the writer of them will consider himself as having attained one principal object of their publication. His only motive is to lessen the ravages of a disease, which, in his opinion, hath not hitherto met with the attention it certainly merits.

LAW SUIT *respecting* a PACK OF HOUNDS.

AT Hereford assizes, a cause came on to be tried, which occasioned no small entertainment to the Court. It was an action against R. L. Davids, Esq. one of the Members of the Red Coat Hunt, at Carmarthen, to recover the sum of twenty-four guineas, for a pack of hounds which he had bought of Mr. Thomas Evans, the plaintiff, by desire of the members. It appeared in evidence that the hounds were, at the request of Mr. Davids, delivered by the Plaintiff's servant at the kennel, belonging to the Red Coat Hunt; and that, after they had been hunted by the members nearly a fortnight, it was discovered that the funds of the club were too scanty to make good the payment of the purchase-money; upon which a meeting was called, where it was resolved, that the hounds should be returned, and the Defendant was requested by the secretary to the hunt, to write to the plaintiff, to inform him, that "there was no cash in the funds," and to send the hounds home. With this request the defendant refused to comply, being ashamed of the conduct of his associates on the occasion; however, the poor animals were sent to their former master, who refusing to

to receive them, they have since been wandering about forlorn exiles. The defence set up was, that, as the hounds were not kept by the hunt, the plaintiff ought not to recover; but the learned Judge over-ruled the objection, and a verdict was found for the plaintiff. This decision, of course, carries costs with it; the whole of which must be paid by the defendent, who will be compelled to bring actions for the amount against the members of the club, twenty-four in number, unless the business is in the mean time compromised by mutual agreement.

Respecting the Age of a Horse.

AT Stafford Assizes a curious cause at *Nisi Prius* was to have been determined, respecting the age of a horse.—A gentleman in a neighbouring town bought a gelding as rising six years old, and rode him for several weeks, when he discovered, or supposed he did, that he had re-purchased an old servant of his own, which he had sold many years before; and, though still a horse of some activity and spirit, must be nearly sixteen years old. This action was, therefore, brought to recover damages. On the part of the defendant, to prove that the horse was no more than six years old, the breeder and other evidence were in court to substantiate the fact. It was, however, agreed, when the parties were *heeled and spurred*, (says our correspondent,) that the matter should be referred to the opinion and award of W. Sayer, Esq. Barrister at law, to the no small disappointment of a number of gentlemen, who went to Stafford in order to witness so singular a trial.

Borrowing other Men's Wives.

THIS practice, now becoming so general, has antiquity for its support; amongst the Topyrians nothing was more common, and the laws sanctioned the indulgence. The sapient Socrates, and the rigid Cato, according to the learned Tertullian, not only submitted to this kind of partnership, like philosophers, but exposed their wives to a new embrace. Plutarch gives the following account of the Censor, founded on the report of Thraseas and Munatius, Cato's friends. "Quintus Hortensius, a man of signal worth and approved virtue, was not content to live in friendship and familiarity with Cato but desired also to be united to his family by some alliance in marriage; therefore, waiting upon Cato, demanded his daughter Porcia from Bibulus, to whom she had already borne three children, and making her his own wife, offering to restore her after she had borne him a child, if Bibulus was not willing to part with her altogether; adding, that though this, in the opinion of men, might seem strange, yet in nature it would appear honest and profitable to the public, with much more to the same purpose. Cato could not but express his wonder at the strange project, but withal approved very well of uniting their houses; when Hortensius turning the discourse, did not stick to acknowledge that it was Cato's own wife which he really desired. Cato, perceiving his earnest inclination, did not deny his request, but said that Philip, being the father of Marcia, ought also to be consulted. Philip being sent for, came, and finding they were all agreed, gave his daughter Marcia to Hortensius, in the presence of Cato, who himself also assisted at the marriage."

Sir

Sir William Temple records the practice; and a modern commentator on Ulpian insinuates, that the women thus lent or borrowed, were wives only by possession, without any farther ceremony, not termed *mater familias*, nor possessing right to inherit the property of their husbands, being supposed to be taken simply on the account of procreating issue, so that after bearing three or four children, they might lawfully be given to another man, to do the like for him: be that, however, as it may, the precedent is fully established, and at the present day, there is scarcely an enormity that is not justified by a precedent.

Miss Farren *leaving the Stage.*

On the death of Lady Derby, long since separated from her husband, in consequence of running away to France with the Duke of D——, Miss Farren, of Drury-lane Theatre, was expected almost immediately to quit the stage and to be married to the noble Earl. This expectation of the town losing so great a favourite, and of the novelty of her being elevated to the rank of the second Countess in the list of British Peeresses, drew crowded houses every night of her performance: and on Saturday evening, April 8th, being the last of her appearance, the house filled beyond all former precedent. The play was the *School for Scandal*, and Miss Farren finished her theatrical career in the character of Lady Teazle.

At the conclusion of the comedy, Mr. Wroughton immediately came forward, and addressed the audience as follows:

But, ah! this night, adieu the mirthful mien,
When Mirth's lov'd fav'rite quits the mimic scene!
[*Looking towards Miss Farren.*]
Startled *Thalia* would assent refuse,
But *Truth* and *Virtue* sued, and won the Muse.
[*Great applause.*]

Aw'd by sensations it could ill express,
Tho' mute the tongue, the bosom feels not less,
Her *speech* your kind indulgence oft has known,
Be to her *silence* now that kindness shewn:
Ne'er from her mind th' endear'd record will part,
But live, the proudest feeling of a grateful heart.

This address was repeatedly interrupted by general and reiterated plaudits from all parts of the house. Miss Farren appeared much affected at the generous conduct of the audience; she was indebted for support to Mr. King and Miss Miller, and tears of gratitude adorned her fair cheek. After the torrent of applause had subsided, Miss Farren came to the front of the stage, with graceful and diffident steps, to take her final farewell of her patrons. In a manner the most elegant and impressive we ever witnessed, she made her curtesy first to the right, next to the left, and lastly to the front of the house, amidst the universal, reiterated, and rapturous plaudits of the audience, many of whom accompanied their tokens of respect with tears of sensibility. On the whole, there was exhibited a scene, which, for interest and sublimity, has, we believe, no parallel in the annals of the British Theatre.

Thus ended the theatrical career of a lady, whose private virtues have ever kept pace with her public merits. Henceforward we shall have to speak of her worth in the honourable and distinguished character of the Countess of Derby, and we sincerely hope, that her deserved elevation in life may impress this wholesome and important lesson upon the young ladies of the stage, that a proper conduct in this, as in any other situation,

tion, may lead to fortune, rank, and happiness.

Mrs. Knight, of Covent Garden Theatre, sister to Miss Farren, retires from the stage after the present season, at the request of the Earl of Derby, who has settled an annuity on her.

For the Sporting Magazine.

The Office of Verderor.

THE County of Essex, but for the good sense and moderation of one of the Candidates*, was nearly being thrown into a state of considerable commotion, by a contest for the Office of Verderor of Waltham Forest. As this is an office, with the nature of which, perhaps, the generality of readers may not be perfectly acquainted, we shall lay before them Judge Blackstone's definition of it.—

" The Forest Courts, instituted for the government of the King's Forests, in different parts of the Kingdom, and for the punishment of all injuries done to the King's deer or venison, to the vert or greensward, and to the covert in which such deer are lodged. These are, the Courts of Attachment, of Regard, of Sweinmote, and of Justice-seat. The Court of Attachment, Woodmote, or Forty Days Court, is to be held before the Verderors of the Forest, once in every forty days; and is instituted to enquire into all offenders against *vert* and *venison*, who may be attached by their bodies if taken with the mainour (or *mainœuvre a mana)*, that is, in the very act of killing venison, or stealing wood, or preparing so to do, or by fresh and immediate pursuit, after the act is done; else they must be attached by their goods. And in this Forty Days Court, the foresters or keepers are to bring in their attachments or presentments, *de viridi et venatione*; and the Verderors are to receive the same, and to enroll them, and to certify them, under their seals, to the Court of Justice seat of Sweinmote: for this Court can only enquire of, but not convict offenders.

2. " The Court of Regard, or survey of dogs, is to be holden every third year, for the lawing or expedition of mastiffs, which is done by cutting off the claws and ball (or pilote) of the fore feet, to prevent them from running after deer. No other dogs but mastiffs are to be thus lawed or expeditated; for none other were permitted to be kept within the precincts of the forest; it being supposed that the keeping of these, and these only, was necessary for the defence of a man's house.

3. " The Court of Sweinmote is to be holden before the Verderors, as Judges, by the Steward of the Sweinmote, thrice in every year, the sweins or freeholders, within the forest, composing the jury. The principal jurisdiction of this court, is, first, to enquire into the oppressions and grievances committed by the officers of the forest, *de superoneratione forestariorum, et aliorum ministrorum forestæ; et de eorum oppressionibus populo regis illatis!*" and, secondly, to receive and try presentments certified from the Court of Attachments, against offences

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* This extract being made by a Correspondent, we have to observe, that however the good sense and moderation of one of the candidates (Mr. Bosanquet), the pretensions of the persevering candidate Mr. Montagu Burgoyne, were certainly well founded, and it will be readily admitted, that he has acquired no more, than his fair claims entitle him to.

offences in vert and venison : and this Court may not only enquire but convict also, which conviction shall be certified to the Court of Justice seat, under the seals of the jury : for this Court cannot proceed to judgment. But the principal Court is,

4. "The Court of Justice-seat, which is held before the Chief Justice in Eyre, or chief itenerant Judge, *capitalis justitiarius in itinere*, or his deputy, to hear and determine all trespasses within the forest, and all claims of franchises, liberties, and privileges, and all pleas and causes whatsoever therein arising. It may also proceed to try presentments in the inferior courts of the forests, and to give judgment upon the conviction of the Sweinmote. And the Chief Justice may therefore, after presentment made, or indictment found, but not before, issue his warrant to the officers of the forest to apprehend the offenders. It may be held every year ; and forty days notice ought to be given of its sitting. This Court may fine and imprison, for offences within the forest, in being a Court of Record ; and therefore a writ of error lies from hence to the Court of King's Bench, to rectify and redress any mal-administration of justice ; or the Chief Justice in Eyre may adjourn any matter of law into the Court of King's Bench.

These Justices in Eyre were instituted by King Henry II. in 1184; and their Courts were formerly very regularly held : but the last Court of Justice-seat of any note, was that holden in the reign of Charles I. before the Earl of Holland ; the rigorous proceedings at which are reported by Sir William Jones. After the restoration, another was held, *pro forma* only, before the Earl of Oxford ; but since the æra of the revolution in 1688, the forest laws have fallen into total disuse, to the great advantage of the subject.

Extracts *from the* New Comedy *of* A Cure for the Heart Ache ; *see Account of this Comedy in our Magazine, page* 197, *vol.* ix. *for January last.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—*A Room in an Inn.*

Enter two Waiters *with luggage, meeting* Bronze.

1st Waiter. COMING, sir !

Y. Rap. (without.) Zounds, why don't you come ? Why don't all of you come, eh?

Bronze. Waiter, who are these people ?

1st Waiter. I don't know, Mr. Bronze.—The young one seems a queer one—he jumpt out of the mail, ran into the kitchen, whipp'd the turnspit into a gallop, and bade him keep moving ; and tho' not a minute in the house, he had been in every room, from the garret to the cellar.

2d Waiter. Father and son, I understand.—The name on the luggage, I see, is Rapid.

Bronze. Rapid ! *(aside).* Perhaps it is my old master the great taylor, and his harum-scarum son—I'll observe.

1st Waiter. Here he comes full dash, and the old man trotting after him like a terrier. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old and Young Rapid.

Y. Rap. Come along, dad—push on, my dear dad. Well, here we are—keep moving.

O. Rap. Moving ! Zounds, haven't I been moving all night in the mail-coach, to please you ?

Y. Rap. Mail ! famous thing, is'nt

isn't it? Je up! whip over counties in a hop, ſtep, and jump—daſh along.

O. Rap. Od rot ſuch hurry-ſcurry doings, I ſay. Here have I ground my old bones all night in the mail, to be eight hours before my appointment with Sir Hubert Stanley; and now I muſt ſit biting my fingers.

Y. Rap. Biting your fingers! No, no, I'll find you ſomething to do. Come, we'll keep moving! *(Takes his father by the arm, who reſiſts.)*

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. Gentlemen, I beg leave—

Y. Rap. No proſing—to the point.

O. Rap. For ſhame—don't interrupt the gentleman.

Y. Rap. Gently, dad—daſh away, Sir.

Land. A ſervant of Sir Hubert Stanley has been enquiring for Mr. Rapid.

Y. Rap. Puſh on!

Land. And expects him at the caſtle.

Y. Rap. That will do—puſh off—bruſh—run!

[*Exit Landlord (running).*

That's the thing—keep moving.—I ſay, dad!

O. Rap. What do you ſay Neddy?

Y. Rap. Neddy! dam'it, don't call me Neddy. I hate to be call'd Neddy.

O. Rap. Well, I won't.

Y. Rap. That's ſettled—I ſay—what's your buſineſs with Sir Hubert? Some ſecret, eh?

O. Rap. *(aſide.)* I won't tell you. Oh no—a bill he owes me for making his clothes and liveries.

Y. Rap. Pugh! he's a ready-money man. I never made a bill out for him in my life—It won't do.

O. Rap. Well then, ſit down, and I'll tell you *(they ſit.)*. Can you ſit ſtill a moment?

Y. Rap. *(jumping up).* To be ſure I can—now tell me briefly—briefly. [*Sits again.*

O. Rap. *(aſide.)* Indeed I will not—You muſt know—

Y. Rap. Aye—

O. Rap. You muſt know.

Y. Rap. Zounds! You've ſaid that twice—now don't ſay it again.

O. Rap. Well, I won't.—You muſt know—'tis a very long ſtory.

Y. Rap. *(riſing).* Then, I'll not trouble you.

O. Rap. *(aſide).* I thought ſo. And pray what might induce you to come with me?

Y. Rap. *(aſide).* Won't tell him of Jeſſy.—Oh, as we had given up trade, left off ſtitching—you know my way—I like to puſh on—change the ſcene, that's all—keep moving.

O. Rap. Moving! *(yawns.)* Oh, my poor old bones! Waiter, bring me a night gown. *(Waiter helps him on with a night-gown—he lays his coat on a chair.)*

Y. Rap. What are you at, dad?

O. Rap. Going to take a nap on that ſofa.

Y. Rap. A nap, pugh!

O. Rap. Zounds! I've no comfort of my life with you.

Y. Rap. Say no more.

O. Rap. But I will, tho'—hurry, hurry—od rabbit it, I never get a dinner that's half-dreſſed; and as for a comfortable ſleep, I'm ſure—

Y. Rap. You ſleep ſo ſlow.

O. Rap. Sleep ſlow! I'll ſleep as ſlow as I pleaſe; ſo at your peril diſturb me. Sleep ſlow indeed! *(yawning.)* [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. Now to viſit Jeſſy. Waiter!

Waiter. Sar! *(with great quickneſs.)*

Y. Rap. That's right — ſir—ſhort—you're a fine fellow.

Waiter. Yes, ſar.

Y. Rap. Does Farmer Oatland live hereabouts?

Waiter. Yes, ſar.

Y. Rap.

Y. Rap. How far?

Waiter. Three miles.

Y. Rap. Which way?

Waiter. West.

Y. Rap. That will do—get me a buggy.

Waiter. Yes, sar.

Y. Rap. Oh, if my old dad had left off business, as some of your flashy taylors do, I might have kept a curricle, and liv'd like a man. Is the buggy ready?

Waiter. No, sar,

Y. Rap. But to cut the shop with paltry five thousand.—Is the buggy ready!

Waiter. No sar.

Y. Rap. Or to have dashed to Jessy in a curricle.—Is the buggy ready?

Waiter. No, sar. [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. To have flank'd along a pair of blood things at sixteen miles an hour. *(Puts himself in the act of driving, and sits on the chair where* Old Rapid *left his coat—springs from it again.)* What the devil's that? Zounds! something has run into my back. I'll bet a hundred 'tis a needle in Father's pocket. Confound it! what does he carry needles now for? *(Searches the pocket.)* Sure enough, here it is—one end stuck into a letter, and the other into my back, I believe. Curse it! Eh! what's this? *(reads)* "To Mr. Rapid—Free—Hubert Stanley." Ha, ha, ha! here's dad's secret—Now for it! *(Reads very quick.)* "Sir Hubert Stanley will expect to see Mr. Rapid at the Castle, and would be glad to extend the mortgage, which is now 50,000l." What's this? *(Reads again)*—"Extend the mortgage, which is now 50,000l. to seventy." Fifty thousand! huzza! 'tis so—my old dad worth fifty thousand—perhaps seventy—perhaps—I'll—no—I'll—

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. The buggy's ready, sir.

Y. Rap. Dare to talk to me of a buggy, and I'll—

Waiter. Parhaps you would prefer a chaise and pair?

Y. Rap. No, I'll have a chaise and twelve. Abscond! *(Exit Waiter.)* I must—I must keep moving—I must travel for improvement. First I'll see the whole of my native country, its agriculture and manufactories. That, I think, will take me full four days and a half. Next I'll make the tour of Europe; which, to do properly, will, I dare say, employ three weeks or a month. Then, returning as completely vers'd in foreign manners and languages as the best of them, I'll make a push at high life. In the first circles I'll keep moving. Fifty thousand! perhaps more—perhaps—oh!

Waiter. (without.) You can't come in.

Bronze (without). I tell you I will come in.

Y. Rap. Will come in!—that's right—push on, whoever you are.

Enter Bronze.

Bronze. I thought so. How do you do, Mr. Rapid? Don't you remember Bronze, your father's foreman, when you were a boy?

Y. Rap. Ah, Bronze! how do you do Bronze? Any thing to say, Bronze? Keep moving. Do you know, Bronze, by this letter I have discover'd that my father is worth—how much think you?

Bronze. Perhaps ten thousand.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Twenty,

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Thirty.

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Bronze. Forty.

Y. Rap. Fifty—perhaps—sixty seventy—oh! I'll tell you. He has lent 50,000l. on mortgage, to an old Baronet.

Bronze. Sir Hubert St—

Y. Rap. (stopping him.) I know his name as well as you do.

Bronze (aside). Here's news for my master! Well, sir, what do you mean to do?

Y. Rap. Do! push on—become a man of fashion to be sure.

Bronze. What wou'd you say, if I were to get you introduced to a Nabob?

Y. Rap. A Nabob! Oh! some flash-in the-pan chap.

Bronze. Oh, no

Y. Rap. What, one of your real, genuine, neat as imported, Nabobs?

Bronze. Yes; Mr. Vortex.—Did you never hear of him?

Y. Rap. To be sure I have. But will you?

Bronze. Yes.

Y. Rap. Ah! but will you do it directly?

Bronze. I will.

Y. Rap. Then push off—stop—stop—I beg your pardon—it cuts me to the heart to stop any man, because I wish every body to keep moving. But won't dad's being a taylor, make an objection?

Bronze. No, as you never went out with the pattern books.

Y. Rap. (sighing). Oh yes, I did.

Bronze. That's aukward.—But you never operated?

Y. Rap. (with melancholy). What do you say?

Bronze. I say you never—*(describes in action the act of sewing.)*

Y. Rap. (sighing deeper.) Oh! yes, I did.

Bronze. That's unlucky.

Y. Rap. Very melancholy, indeed!

Bronze. I have it, suppose I say you are merchants.

Y. Rap. May dear fellow, sink the taylor, and I'll give you a hundred.

Bronze. Will you? Thank you.

Y. Rap. Now push off.

Bronze. But don't be out of the way.

Y. Rap. Me! Bless you, I'm always in the way.

Bronze. Don't move.

Y. Rap. Yes, I must move a little—away you go—*(pushes* Bronze *off)* Huzza! now to awake old dad. *(Exit, and returns with* Old Rapid.) Come along, dad.

O. Rap. (half asleep). Yes, sir—yes, sir—I'll measure you directly—I'll measure you directly.

Y. Rap. He's asleep.—Awake!

O. Rap. What's the matter, eh? What's the matter?

Y. Rap. What's the matter! I've found fifty thousand in that letter!

O. Rap. Indeed! *(opens the letter eagerly.)* Ah! Neddy, have you found out—

Y. Rap. I have—that you are worth—how much?

O. Rap. Why, since what's past—

Y. Rap. Never mind what's past.

O. Rap. I have been a fortunate man. My old partner used to say, "Ah! you are lucky, Rapid. Your needle always sticks in the right place."

Y. Rap. No, not always *(shrugging).* But how much?

O. Rap. Why, as it must out, there are fifty thousand lent on mortgage.—Item, fifteen thousand in the consols.—Item—

Y. Rap. Never mind the Items.—The total, my dear dad—the total.

O. Rap. What do you think of a plum?

Y. Rap. A plum! Oh, sweet, agreeable, little, short word!

O. Rap. Besides seven hundred and ninety—

Y. Rap. Never mind the odd money—that will do. But how came you so rich, dad? dam'me, you must have kept moving.

O. Rap. Why, my father, forty years ago, left me five thousand pounds, which, at compound interest, if you multiply—

Y. Rap.

Y. Rap. No, you have multiplied it famously. It's my business to reduce it (*aside*). Now, my dear dad, in the first place, never call me Neddy.

O. Rap. Why, what must I call you?

Y. Rap. Ned—short—Ned.

O. Rap. Ned! O Ned!

Y. Rap. That will do. And, in the next place, sink the taylor. Whatever you do, sink the taylor.

O. Rap. Sink the taylor! What do you mean?

Y. Rap. I've news for you. We are going to be introduced to Mr. Vortex, the rich Nabob.

O. Rap. You don't say so! Huzza, it will be the making of us.

Y. Rap. To be sure. Such fashion! such stile!

O. R. Aye, and such a quantity of liveries, and—Oh dear me! (*with great dejection.*)

Y. Rap. What's the matter?

O. R. (*sighing.*) I forgot I had left off business.

Y. Rap. Business! Confound it! Now, pray keep the taylor under, will you? I'll—I'll send an express to London (*runs to the table*).

O. Rap. An express! for what!

Y. Rap. I don't know.—

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. The bill of fare, gentlemen.

Y. Rap. Bring it here (*reads*). "Turbots--Salmon--Soles—Haddock — Beef — Mutton —Veal—Lamb—Pork —Chickens—Ducks —Turkies — Puddings — Pies."— Dress it all—that's the short way.

Waiter. All!

Y. Rap. Every bit.

O. Rap. No, no, nonsense.— The short way indeed! Come here, sir,—Let me see—(*reads*). "Um —Um.—Ribs of beef."—That's a good thing—I'll have that.

Y. Rap. What?

Waiter. Ribs of beef, sir.

Y. Rap. Are they the short ribs?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Y. Rap. That's right.

Waiter. What liquor wou'd your honour like?

Y. Rap. (*jumping up.*) Spruce beer.

Waiter. Very well, sir.

Y. Rap. I must have some clothes.

O. Rap. I'm sure that's a very good coat.

Y. Rap. Waiter!—I must have a dashing coat for the Nabob. Is there a rascally taylor any where near you?

Waiter. Yes, sir—there are two close by. (*Father and Son look at each other.*)

Y. Rap. Umph! Then tell one of them to send me some clothes.

Waiter. Sir, he must take your measure.

O. Rap. To be sure he must.

Y. Rap. Oh true! I remember the fellows do measure you somehow with long bits of—well—send for the scoundrel. [*Exit* Waiter.

O. Rap. Oh, for shame of yourself! I've no patience.

Y. Rap. Like you the better.— Hate patience as much as you do, ha! ha!—must swagger a little.

O. Rap. Ah! I'm too fond of you, I am, Ned. Take my fortune; but only remember this— By the faith of a man I came by it honestly—and all I ask is, that it may go as it came.

Y. Rap. Certainly, but we must keep moving, you know.

O. Rap. Well, I don't care if I do take a bit of a walk with you.

Y. Rap. Bit of a walk! Dam'me, we'll have a gallop together. Come along, dad.——Push on, dad.

[*Exeunt.*

(*To be continued.*)

The

The WORDS *of* COMMAND, *and a brief Explanation of the* NEW SWORD EXERCISE. *By Sholto Sorlie, Serjeant in the 7th, or Queen's own regiment of Light-Dragoons.*

TYPE OF THE SIX CUTS.

No. 2.	No. 1.
No. 6.	No. 5.
No. 4.	No. 3.

Words of Command for the Sword Exercise.

Draw swords—prepare to perform the Sword Exercise—march.

First Division.

Prepare to guard--guard--assault—left protect—right protect—prepare to guard—to the front give point—prepare to guard—guard—slope sword.

Words of Command for the SWORD EXERCISE.

Second Division.

Prepare to guard--guard--assault—guard—bridle arm protect—sword arm protect—Saint George—to the rear cut—guard—slope sword.

Third Division.

Prepare to guard--guard--assault—guard—horse near side protect—off-side protect—cuts, 1, 2, and 1.—left protect—right protect—prepare to guard—to the front give point — cut 1. — guard — slope swords.

Fourth Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—on your right to the front party—cut 2 and 1—to the right give point—prepare to guard—to the left give point—cut 3 and 4—guard—slope swords.

Fifth Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—on your near side cut 1 and 2—off-side cut 1 and 2—left give point—prepare to guard—right give point—cut 5 and 6—guard—slope swords.

Sixth Division.

Prepare to guard—guard —to the right give point—cut 1 and 2—left parry—left protect—right protect—to the front give point—prepare to guard—slope swords.

The Words of Command when performed by Fugel Men.

Draw swords—prepare to perform the sword exercise—march.

Perform the sword exercise in six divisions of movements, by fugel men—first division—second division—third division—fourth division—fifth division—sixth division—to the front form—march.

Words of Command for the Grounds of the Sword Exercise.

Draw swords—prepare to guard—guard—assault--guard—prepare to guard—left protect—right protect—prepare to guard—guard—horse near side protect—off-side protect—prepare to guard—guard—bridle arm protect—sword arm protect—SaintGeorge—to the rear cut—against infantry, to the right give point—right to the rear parry—cut 3.—left give point—left to the rear parry—cut 4.—against cavalry, to the front give point—cut 5 and 6—guard—slope swords.

Drill

Drill Motions explained.

The first thing that is to be taught a beginner or a recruit, are the drill motions. They will form a rank entire; should there be more than twelve, they must be doubled, as they will take up to much ground for one person to have his eye on them all, to see that they are right. Having your drill fell in at their proper interval from each other, you will draw the word, Draw Swords, which is to be done at three motions, viz. 1st. Bring the right hand smart across the body, putting the hand into the sword knot, and giving it two or three turns in order to fasten it on the wrist, seize hold of the hilt of the sword, and draw it about six inches out of the scabbard. 2d. Extend the right arm well up over the head, bring the sword in an upright direction with the point upwards, and the right hand with the hilt of the sword just below the chin. 3d. Bring the sword smart down, edge of the sword to the front elbow and wrist in a line, with the back of the sword in a line with the right eye. This last position is called carry swords.—Prepare to guard. At this word of command, the sword and bridle hand are to be brought smart up together, the bridle hand just above the navel, and the sword hand over the bridle hand, the flat side of the sword to the front, and carried upright, with the blade touching against the peak of the mens helmets.—Guard. At this word of command, the bridle hand remains fast, the sword is darted strait out to the front, in such direction, that the man can just see through the clips or ears of the sword: the point of the sword laying strait across to the left, and the back of the sword turned a little up to receive a blow.

The next thing to be taught are the six cuts, or the assault, which are all to be taught by motions, that is, cut one in four motions, cut two in four motions, cut three in three, cut four in three, cut five in three, and cut six in three motions. When perfect in cut one by the drill motions, teach them to do it in one motion. When perfect in cut two by the drill motions, they must be taught to join cut one and two together, and so on until they can join the six cuts. You will now explain to them the use of the six cuts as follows: cut one is to cut a man from his left ear to his right shoulder; cut two, from the right ear to his left shoulder: cut three and cut four, are in case a man raises his arm in cutting one or two, (that is to say is off his guard) to cut him under the wrist; and cut five and six are to cut across, cut five to the left, and cut six to the right. You will next explain to them that there are five guards to the front, three for the protection of the man, and two for the horse; the use of the first guard to the front, which is that called guard, save cut one and two, and by lowering the hand a little, saves cut three and four; the second guard, which is left protect, saves cut five, and giving point to the left; the third guard, which is right protect, saves cut six, and giving point to the right; the fourth guard, which is horse near side protect, saves cut one at your horse's head; and the fifth guard, which is off-side protect, saves cut two at your horse's head.

You will next explain to them, that there are three guards to the rear; the first, which is bridle arm protect, saves the whole of the left side from a cut in the rear. This guard is first to be taught in two motions, and when perfect in it, by two motions, learn them to do it in one. The second guard to the rear, which is sword arm protect, saves

saves the whole of the right side from a cut in the rear. The third, which is called Saint George, saves the head; from the Saint George, you will teach them to cut to the rear in two motions; when perfect in cutting it by two motions, learn them to do it in one.

You will next teach them to give point against infantry, by the word two, and parrying to the rear, next giving point to the front against cavalry.--Slope Swords. This position is come to, by letting the back of the sword lay upon the right shoulder, the right elbow close to the body, and the sword-hand in a line with the elbow. When you have got your men perfect in the grounds of it, so as they can go through it by fugle men, you will proceed to teach them the six divisions of movements by word of command, as before shewn.

The Method of preparing to perform the Six Divisions of Movements on Foot.

The fugle-men will place themselves about fifty yards in front of the drill; one on the right flank, and the other on the left, and to take care that they out-flank the drill well, otherwise the files in the rear will not be able to see them.

Should it only be a large drill, it will be fell in rank entire, the swords hanging down by the slings, the men having hold of the scabbard between the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand, and the right hand down by the thigh, until the word of command is given, *from the right ease your files*; at which word of command, the right-hand man standing fast, the whole of the other men will bend their right arms at the elbow, resting their hands on their hips, and taking so much distance from their right-hand men, as barely to touch their left arms with their right elbows.

When got their proper distance, and steady, you will give the word, *right hands as they were*. They will now be ordered to tell themselves off, which is done as follows: the right-hand man will turn his head to the left, and say with a distinct voice, *right*. The next to him turning his head the same way, will say, *centre*, and the next *left*, the next *right*, the next *centre*, and the next *left*, and so on, until they are told off. Having your drill told off, you will give the word, *draw swords*, which is to be done as was explained in the drill motions: swords being drawn, you will give the word, *prepare to perform the sword exercise*; at which word of command, the first centre, and left file on the right, will fall back for pivets covering the right file: the centre file taking three, and the left file six firm pacesbefore they cover: the others all stand fast until you give the word *march*, at which word the whole of the centre and left files will fall back and cover their right files: the whole to dress by their right, and to have their heels two inches apart. You will now give the word, *to your right prove distance of files*; at which word of command, the whole extend their right arms, with the points of their swords towards their right hand men, and the backs of the swords to the front; having proved their distance to the right, give the word, *slope swords*. You will now prove distance to the front, give the word, *to your front prove distance of files*. The whole of the front files stand fast, the centre and rear files extend the sword arm strait to the front; having proved distance, give the word, *slope swords*, which being done, you may proceed to perform the six divisions of movements, either by fugle men, or word of command, as before shewn.

(To be continued.)

FEAST

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE LITERARY HUSBAND.

FREDERICK Morel was translating Libanius, when some one came and told him, that his wife, who had been languishing some time, was very ill, and wished to speak with him. "I have only," said he, "two periods to translate, and I will then come to see her." A second messenger informed him, that she was on the point of death. "I have not more than two words to finish," said Morel, "return to her; I shall be there as soon as you." A moment after, another message brought an account of her death. "I am very sorry," said he, "she was a very good woman," He continued his translation.

A dramatic author, on presenting a Comedy to one of the Theatres, assured the Manager, that it was a production by no means to be *laughed* at.

BON MOT.

A gentleman, who very frequently went to take an airing on horseback, was observed always to come home drunk, although he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time; whereupon a friend of his archly observed, "that though he had an habit of getting *drunk*, it was only his *riding habit*.

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the Doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c.—"Every thing Massa, *work*, in this country, *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *smoke* work, *dog* work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath,] *man* work, *bullock* work; *horse* work, *ass* work: every thing work here but the *hog!* he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day; the *hog* be the only *gentleman* in England."

A few days since a person rather meanly dressed, applied to one of our money-lenders, to advance him a small sum on his note. Being asked his profession, he replied, a *Country Banker*; which on a further investigation, proved to be a fact; for he was a *day-labouring* man, employed in *hedging* and *ditching*.

LANCASHIRE DEFINITION OF THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

A farmer's wife in a village was asking her husband what was the meaning of the *debates* about which so much was said. "Why," says he, "I suppose it means this: th' men i' th' Parliament up at Lunnon makes sham quarrels, and then grin's at us folks i' th' country for beleev in um to be in arnest."

Two friends meeting accidently, a few days ago, in Deansgate, one of them asked the other, where Mr. *Such-a-one* lived?—as he had a bill upon him; adding at the same time, "do you think it *good?*" "Good! (exclaimed the other) "Aye, as *good* as the *Bank of England!*"—"God forbid!" cries the creditor, "For if it is not *better* than that, I shall be badly off."

A tradesman, in the town of Birmingham, complains heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, "as she is more conformable to Richard Southall, than to him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

A WESTMINSTER-HALL ANECDOTE.

An evidence in Court speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the Lawyer employed on the other side, exclaimed in an angry manner, "Fellow, why dost thou *bark* so furiously?" "Because," replied the rustic, "I thinks I sees a *thief*."

ANECDOTE.

A Curate who had the honour to preach before the Bishop of D. acquitted himself with great ease and self-possession. The prelate, in conversing with him, enquired by what means he had acquired so much assurance, before so large an audience. "I consider them as so many cabbages," replied the preacher. "But what do you think of me?" rejoined my Lord. "As a cauliflower amongst cabbages." He was not afterwards preferred.

MODERN REFINEMENT.

A Lady not many days ago took her daughter to a Boarding-school in the country, for the purpose of education, when after the first salutations were over, the Matron fixed her eyes on some worked-picture subjects in the parlour, and pointing to one more attractive than the rest, asked, "What is that?" "That," replied the Lady of the School, "is Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter." "Well, I vow," rejoined the Lady, "it is vastly beautiful.—Betsey, my dear, you shall work *Charlotte at the tub of water*."

MAY NO MISCARRIAGE PREVENT MY MARRIAGE.

Matthew Dowson, in *Bothell*, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, *whenever that may happen*,—and to return to Bothell, to dine.

Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be *roasted*; Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb to be *roasted*;—William Elliot gives a hen to be *roasted*;—Joseph Gibson gives a pig to be *roasted*;—William Hodgson gives a fat calf, to be *roasted*.

And in order that all this *roast-meat* may be well *basted*,—*do you see*,

Mary Pearson,—Betty Hodgson,—Mary Bushby,—Mally Fisher,—Sarah Briscoe,—and Betty Porthouse,—give, each of them,—*a pound of butter*:—The Advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion.

And he hereby gives notice,

To all Young Women, desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present *disengaged*;—and he advises them to consider, that although *there may be luck in leisure*, yet in this case, *delays are dangerous*; for with him he is determined it shall be—*first come, first served*.

So come along, lasses, who wish'd to be marry'd;
Matt. Dowson is vex'd that so long he has tarry'd.

From the Cumberland Packet,
April 18, 1797.

A Monk,

A Monk, who had introduced himſelf to the bedſide of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a ſtate of inſenſibility, continued crying out, my lord, will you make the grant of ſuch and ſuch a thing to our monaſtery? The ſick man, unable to ſpeak, nodded his head. The Monk turned round to his ſon, who was in the room, "You ſee, Sir, that my Lord, your father, gives his conſent to my requeſt." The ſon immediately exclaimed, "Father, is it your will that I ſhould kick this Monk down ſtairs? The uſual nod was given; and the youth inſtantly rewarded the aſſiduities of the Monk, by ſending him with great precipitation out of the houſe.

A Gentleman who had long been attached to Cardinal Mazarine, and was much eſteemed by that Miniſter, but little aſſiſted in his finances by court favour, one day told Mazarine of his many promiſes and his dilatory performance. The Cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to loſe his friendſhip, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a perſon in his ſituation as Miniſter, and which it would be politic to ſatisfy previouſly to other requeſts, as they were founded on ſervices done to the ſtate. Mazarine's friend replied, "My Lord, all the favour I expect at your hands, is this: that whenever we meet in public, you will do me, the honour to tap me on the ſhoulder in the moſt unreſerved manner." In two or three years the friend of the Cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the Miniſter's attention to him; and Mazarine uſed to laugh, together with his confident, at the folly of the world, in granting their protection to perſons on ſuch ſlight ſecurity.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FROM Beverley we are informed, that on Thurſday, April 16, the annual plate at Kiplincoates for hunters, carrying ten ſtone and the ſaddle each, was won by Colonel Maxwell's grey horſe, Chucklehead, beating Mr. Hardie's roan mare, by Sir Peter Teazle; 5 and 6 to 4 on the mare. Chucklehead won each. Kiplincoates is the oldeſt racer, and reckoned the ſevereſt four-mile courſe in England.

One day this month the following melancholy accident occurred:—A multitude of people from Lockerby and the neighbouring pariſhes had aſſembled near Dryfebridge, Scotland, to ſhoot at a mark for an eight-day clock and other prizes. A muſket loaded with ball went off amidſt the crowd, and killed Wm. Graham, blackſmith, of Derwoodie, on the Spot. The ball entered the hind part of his head, and blew the ſkull and brains in the air. It is not known in whoſe hands the fatal gun was. The deceaſed was a young man of great induſtry for the aſſiſtance of his father and numerous family.

TROTTING MATCH.

Tueſday morning, April 11, the trotting match againſt time, for a bet of one hundred guineas, between Charles Herbert and R. Wilſon, Eſqrs. was decided in favour of the former. The bet was, that Mr. Herbert's horſe, Othello,

would not trot 17 miles in an hour on the Highgate Road, to set out from St. Giles's church; but he won it exactly by one minute and twenty seconds. The hour Mr. H. chose was six in the morning.

One day last month a boxing match for one hundred guineas, took place at Caverswall Park, between a man generally known by the name of the Little Dusty Miller, of Dilhorne, and a person of Lane-end, Chester; when, after a contest of near an hour, the wager was withdrawn, the combatants not being able to see each other, in consequence of the bruises they received.

AN ODD WAGER.

On a Sunday evening this month, a Danish sailor hung himself for a wager, in a fit of intoxication, at the Crown and Garter, in Marmaduke-alley, Wapping; his suspension continued but three minutes, when one of his companions cut him down, when all possible endeavours were made for his recovery, but in vain.

When Captain O'Byrne was summoned before the magistrate, for playing at Pharo, he endeavoured to palliate the offence by shewing that some of the highest characters of the country, were either players or lookers on, during the time that he was amusing himself. Had Mr. O'Byrne been a scholar, he might have stated, that the Tesserarian art (which may be interpreted the game of dice and tables) was a favourite amusement of the best and gravest Romans, and that, amongst other of his qualities, Mutius Scævela, the lawyer, had the reputation of a very skilful player.

Scarcely a week passes, but we hear of some fatal accident, occasioned by persons wantonly pointing fire arms, supposed to be unloaded, at each other. A party of the Queen's own Dragoons, quartered in Birmingham Barracks, who had been on Friday, April 14, upon an unsuccessful pursuit of a deserter, on their return fired, as usual, their pistols in the air, before they entered the guard room, where they laid them upon the table. A corporal taking one of them up, which it appears had only flashed in the pan, snapped it at one or two of his comrades, without its making any report; at length, turning to another of them he jocosely said, "Now I will shoot you;" and unhappily his words proved too true; the piece went off, and a ball passing through the unfortunate soldier's head, he instantly fell and expired.

Lately was caught in a fish-pond at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, a pike of extraordinary size, weighing near 40lb. and measuring three feet and a half in length, and two feet in circumference. In his belly was found a tench of 4lb. and 4lb. and a half of fat. The colour of this fish was entirely different from those usually caught it being of a beautiful black and scarlet.

On Saturday, April 15, Lady E. Luttrel paid her fine of 50l. for playing at Faro, very wisely considering, that an appeal to the Sessions would only tend to expose her.

An

An extraordinary accident happened on the road near Bournbridge, Cambridgeshire, early on Tuesday morning the 7th instant. The mail-coach coming from London, met a broad-wheel waggon belonging to Mr. Archer, of Barton-mills loaded with upwards of four tons of hay, when the lamp of the coach striking against the hay, broke the glass, and instantly set the hay on fire, and the wind being brisk, the whole load of hay and the waggon were consumed, and it was with difficulty the shaft horses were saved.

HORSES.

The preference of horses in farming is injudicious and prodigal. The ox becomes more valuable in his growth, as he labours; the horse worse. The ox is contented with a feed of little hay and more straw. The farming horse must have oats in addition to his hay. His average consumption is, in winter, a ton of hay; another ton in spring and summer, and a very considerable quantity of straw; besides a bushel of oats per week for six months, and two bushels per week for the other six. It is computed that it requires ten acres of land to feed a post-horse. England employs about a million of horses in farming, and finds subsistence for a million of others. Now the land set apart for these two millions of horses, upon the most moderate computation, cannot be estimated at less than 12,500,000 acres, i. e. one third part of all England occupied by the subsistence of our horses.

Letters from Dublin, received about the middle of the month, state, that, in consequence of an unhappy dispute between the Earl of Meath, and Mr. Gore, of the County of Wicklow, the parties, accompanied by their seconds, met on the hill of Cookstown, near Inneskerry. Having placed themselves within twelve yards of each other, Mr. Gore fired the first shot, and the ball entered his antagonist's thigh, which put an end to the affair, the Earl being unable to stand. The ball, we are informed, could not be extracted; but hopes were entertained that the wound would not prove fatal. His Lordship was brought to Powerscourt-house, adjacent to the ground.

The above affair of *honour* between the Earl of Meath, and Mr. Gore, arose from the latter gentleman obtaining permission from the Castle to raise a corps of cavalry in the county of Meath, and enrolling many of his Lordship's tenants to serve therein. Lord Meath afterwards received letters of service to raise a regiment also, and immediately waited upon Mr. Gore, informing him thereof, and requesting, in consequence, that he would transfer his Lordship's tenants to serve under his own standard: this being refused on the part of Mr. Gore, some warm language passed on both sides, and the unfortunate meeting was the consequence.

Accounts subsequent to the above, give hopes that the Earl will recover.

RINGING.

On Monday the 27th of March, a true peal of ten thousand and eighty changes of treble bob eight-in (which continued seven hours and one minute) was completely rung at the Trinity church, in Sheffield, by a select band of the Change Ringers in that town. The company had attempted the peal in the

the morning, and rang 3584 changes when a miſtake occurred. However at ten minutes before ten o'clock in the forenoon, each performer reſumed his ſtation, and commenced the peal again, and finiſhed at nine minutes before five o'clock in the afternoon, without any further miſtake, and in a maſterly manner, to the ſatisfaction of a great number of hearers; ſo that the whole number of changes rang that day, amounted to 13,664. The above 10,080, is the utmoſt extent of practical changes, that can poſſibly be obtained in the treble bob ſyſtem (on eight bells) without having changes over again.

DEATHS FROM CANINE MADNESS.

An unfortunate man, bitten by a mad dog at Handſworth, in January laſt, died in great agonies in Birmingham hoſpital, on Tueſday morning, April 11, of the hydrophobia. His diſorder did not appear till within a few days of his deceaſe; but he had neglected when the bite was received, to have the fleſh about it cut away—a precaution which, in ſuch caſes ſhould never be omitted.

About the middle of the preſent month died at Thetford, Thomas Court, farrier in the Warwickſhire light-dragoons, through canine madneſs, from a bite of a dog at Royſton, in Hertfordſhire, ſome time ſince, a man univerſally eſteemed by the officers of the regiment.

As Mr. Gobbit, with another perſon of Rocheſter, were walking on Saturday the 15th inſtant, in a field near Boſtol, a hawk, of the buzzard kind, ſuddenly alighted near a hedge a ſmall diſtance from them, when it immediately aſcended again with ſomething in its talons, which they could perceive was alive, and appeared like a large rat; in a moment the bird gave a hideous ſcream, and continued in the air for the ſpace of a minute or two, apparently in extreme agitation, and then fell to the earth. Upon their running to the ſpot, they found a weazel nearly expiring, had faſtened on the throat of the bird, who was likewiſe in the agonies of death. After diſengaging them, in a few minutes they were dead.

A PATRON OF RATS.

An elderly gentleman, an inhabitant of a newly-erected houſe on the Hackney road, indulges in a ſingular partiality for rats, to the great annoyance of his neighbours. In his younger days he beſtowed his heart on an object not animated by reciprocal affection; diſappointment ſo far operated on his mind as to produce an occaſional derangement: conſcious of this infirmity, he ſhuns all converſation with the world; his proviſion, &c. are delivered to him through a window, and he never leaves his houſe till the generality of his neighbours have retired to reſt. He is paſſionately fond of rats, with which his houſe ſwarms; he feeds them regularly, teaches them tricks, and has frequently been ſeen dancing in the midſt of them; he is poſſeſſed of property to the amount of ſome hundreds per annum, a large portion of which he applies to charitable purpoſes.

A match for one hundred guineas was lately ran in the Duke of Rutland's park, at Croxton, between a horſe of Sir H. Fetherſtone,

ſtone, rode by Lord C. Somerſet, and a filly of Mr. Heathcote, rode by Lord Villers; the former won with eaſe.

The ORIGIN *of* COCK-THROWING *on* SHROVE-TUESDAY.

THE origin of throwing at Cocks on this day, has been variouſly related. The following account by Cranenſtein, an old German author, appears the moſt credible:

When the Danes were the Lords of England, the natives of a certain city, grown weary of their ſlavery, combined to riſe and murder their maſters in the night. Twelve of them were to enter the town-houſe by ſtratagem, and ſeizing the arms, ſurprize the guards who kept it; upon which at a ſignal given, the reſt were to ſally out and murder all oppoſers. But whilſt they were executing their ſcheme, the extraordinary crowing and fluttering of the cocks, at the place they were entering, alarmed their enemies, and diſcovered the deſign, which ſo enraged the Danes, that they treated them much worſe than before. Gaining their freedom ſoon after, to revenge themſelves on the cocks, they inſtituted the cuſtom of knocking them on the head on Shrove-Tueſday, the day on which the affair happened. This ſport, at firſt confined to one city, ſoon ſpread itſelf all over the kingdom.

To the CONDUCTORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

RUMINATING over a variety of miſcellaneous ſelections, mythology, and obſolete tranſcripts, &c. the following occurred *inter alia*; and as it appears an extraordinary caſe in nature, may prove acceptable to your well received publication in the ſporting world, and afford your readers ſome ſpeculative obſervation. Having copied it *ab origionate*, it is at your ſervice—uſe it or abuſe it. Facts are ſtubborn things, and the authenticity is unqueſtionable, and indubitably recorded.

I remain, Sir,
Your conſtant Correſpondent,
and obedient ſervant,
WESTMORIÆ.

It is generally ſaid, that a mare goes no more than *eleven* months; but the following caſe is an incontrovertible truth, and evinces the error of ſuch prognoſtic:

"On Thurſday March 21, 1768, a mare, the property of Mr. Harding at Stepney, Middleſex, which had been covered by the celebrated ſtallion Boſpherous, on the 18th day of April, 1767, as appears by the Stud Regiſter, of Stabularian pedigree, kept for that purpoſe by the owner thereof, brought forth a very fine *ſtone-horſe foal*, having then gone twelve Calendar months and *three* days. The colt in every reſpect bore a true reſemblance of its ſire Boſpherous, both in its appropriate ſtrength, ſymmetry, ſhape, colour, and marks."

Hence the adage of an hare and a mare a year, proves fallacious: in the former a month is verified from repeated obſervations.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

LIST *of* STALLIONS *to cover this Seaſon.*

Bedfordſhire THE three following at Woburn; Mufti, Dragon, and an uncommon handſomely Cheſnut Arabian, brought from Bengal by Captain Grey, of the Roſe Indiaman, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom each.

Cheſhire.

Cheshire.—The four following at Figdale;

John Bull, at 15gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom.

Alexander, at 10gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom.

Meteor, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Asparagus, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Moston Hall, two miles and a half from Chester,

Soldier, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Nobleman, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d the groom.

Derbyshire.—The two following at Swarkstone:

Herod, at 3gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Brilliant, a Black Roan, at 1g. a mare, and 1s. the groom.

Essex.—At Easton Lodge, near Dunmow,

Hollyhock, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

The two following at Plaistow:

Pegasus, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Aurelius, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Gloucestershire.——At Barrows Brook, near Cirencester,

Fortunio, at 6gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Farmington, near North Leach,

Satellite, at 5gs. a mare and 5s. the groom.

At Sherborne, near North Leach,

Spectre, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Hampshire.—The three following at Cannon Park, near Overton and Kingscleare.

Don Quixote, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Pilot at 5gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Sultan, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Hertfordshire.—The three first at Bennington, near Stevenage:

Javelin, at 20gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Escape, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Toby, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Balance, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Huntingdonshire,——At Messrs. Wilson and Waffe's, Little Barford, near St. Neot's.

Vermin, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d, the groom.

Kent.—At Cobham Hall, near Gravesend.

Balloon, at 2gs a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Lancashire.—At Knowsley, near Prescot.

Sir Peter Teazle, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. thegroom.

Kidney, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Leicestershire.—At Mr. Baker's, Belgrave, near Leicester,

Phillippo's Arabian, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Middlesex.—The four following (the property of a gentleman) at Cannons, between Stanmore and Edgware:

Dungannon, at 12gs. a mare, and 10s 6d. the groom.

Volunteer, at 12gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Anvil, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Vertumnus, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Norfolk.—At Clermont Lodge, near Brandon,

Trumpator, at 12gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Drumator, own brother to Trumpator, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Suffolk.—At Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's,

Whiskey, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Diomed, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Sussex.—At Petworth,

Wood-

Woodpecker, at 12gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom.

Precipitate, at 12gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom.

Driver, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Grey Trentham, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Shoveller, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Surrey.—At Batterſey,

Chaunter, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Eſher, from the firſt of February, till the 10th of July,

Eraſmus, at 2l. 7s. each mare.

At Clay Hill, Epſom,

Rockingham, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Yorkſhire.—At Thirſk,

Abrahamides, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Glouton's, Boroughbridge,

Buzzard, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Croſs, Langſton; near Malton,

Cavendiſh, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Catterick,

Comet, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Robert Wood's, Marlow near Stillington.

Coriander, at 7gs. a mare, and 10. 6d. the groom.

At Eaſingwold,

Dart, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Thomas Burton's, Boroughbridge,

Delpini, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At T. Wetherill's, Bedale,

Drone, 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Barnſley,

Evergreen, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Rotherham,

Fortunatus, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Long Newton, near Yarm,

Horatio, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Stretland Caſtle, near Richmond,

Hermes, at 1g. a mare, and 1s. the groom,

At Stockton,

John Trot, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Beverley,

King Pepin, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Stockdale's, Knareſborough,

Lance, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom,

At Wentbridge, ten miles north of Doncaſter,

Lurcher, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Frith's, Rippon,

Muſtapha, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Seſſay, near Thirſk,

Nonſuch, at 1g. the mare, and 1s. the groom.

At Mr. Coates's, near Yarm,

Oberon, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. J. Hutchinſon's, Shipton, near York,

Overton, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Grange, near Wakefield,

Phænomenon, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Streatlam Caſtle, near Richmond,

Pipator, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Biſhop Burton, near Beverley,

Quetlavaca, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Bulmer's, Middleham,

Ruler, at 8gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Ainderby Steeple, near Northallerton,

Reſtleſs, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom,

At the ſame place,

Spadille, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At the same place,

Serpent, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Kimber's, New Malton,

Sans Souci, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Long Newton,

Ticket, at 5gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Castle Howard,

Traveller, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Norton, near Homersly,

Venator, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Aldburgh, near Masham, Bedale, and Ripon,

Young Marske, 12 mares at 20gs. each, and 1g. the groom.

THE THEATRE,

DRURY-LANE.

ON Wednesday night, April 19, a New Comedy called THE WILL, was performed at this theatre, written by Mr. Reynold's, author of several successful pieces, brought out at Covent-Garden.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Solomon Cynic,	Mr. King,
Mandeville,	Mr. Wrougton.
George Howard,	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Veritas,	Mr R. Palmer.
Realize,	Mr. Suett,
Robert,	Mr. Russell.
Copsley,	Mr. Packer.
Albina,	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Rigid,	Miss Tidswell.
Debora,	Mrs. Booth.
Cicely Copse,	Miss Mellon.

The out-lines of the plot are as follow:

Mr. *Mandeville*, heir to a large fortune, is, in consequence of his being security to a considerable amount for his friend Mr. *Howard*, which he is unable to discharge, compelled to leave England and fly to India. He leaves his infant daughter *Albina* to the care of her Governess, Mrs. *Rigid*, and occasionally remits money for their support. Mrs. *Rigid* conceals the letters, appropriates the remittances to her own use, and succeeds in persuading her pupil and *Old Mandeville*, the grandfather of *Albina*, that *Mandeville* has completely deserted his daughter, and that she is alone indebted to Mrs. *Rigid* for assistance. Shocked at the unnatural barbarity of his son, *Old Mandeville* makes his will solely in favour of *Albina*. After an interval of fourteen years, *Mandeville* returns, finds his father dead, and his daughter Albina in possession of his father's fortune, and strongly prejudiced against him by his apparent neglect of her, and by the wiles of her Governess, who had consented to a match between her pupil and *Veritas*, young Howard's tutor, on condition that she should, on its taking place, be put in possession of half the property. Mandeville, in the mean time, debarred the sight of his daughter, and threatened with an arrest, on account of the security which he had entered into for Old Howard, finds no assistance whatever in his poverty and distress, but from the benevolent interference of George Howard, who by intoxicating Veritas, gets acquainted with the infamous scheme of Mrs. Rigid, and prevails on him to disclose it to Sir Solomon Cynic, his uncle, who had been equally incensed against Mandeville for his seeming neglect of Albina, who was then actually prosecuting him for the security which had been passed to Sir Solomon in favour of Old Howard. Albina, at length acquainted with the horrid design of her governess, by a letter from Veritas to Sir Solomon, rescues herself with a becoming spirit from the fetters in which she had been hitherto confined by Mrs. Rigid, and animated with the generous sentiments of filial duty and affection,

tion, tears her grandfather's will, restores the family fortune to her father, and is, with the consent of Mandeville, married to Young Howard.

Such is a faint sketch of the plot of the Comedy, and the author has, in a very judicious manner, during the progress of it, combined both sentiment and humour, and embellished it with incidents, which, though not altogether naturally arising from their legetimate source, are however sufficiently interesting to keep the mind fixed in pursuit of the *denouement*.

With respect to novelty of character, The Will has little claim to public attention. The only part which *seems*, "itself alone," is *Veritas*, the tutor,

"Whose inmost thoughts by Bacchus are revealed."

The old adage, "*In vino veritas*," has no doubt furnished the author with the idea, and though he has not made a very masterly, it must be allowed, that he has made a very benevolent, use of it.

In drawing the character of *Albina*, and what is more, in drawing it for such an actress as Mrs. Jordan, Mr. Reynolds has been peculiarly successful. He certainly had taken the full measure of her unrivalled talents in his "mind's eye," and he has not been disappointed in his views. To Mrs. Jordan he is indebted for the great success which has attended his production, and the display of her uncommon abilities so variously contrasted, and so chastely executed as they were, on the first representation of this comedy, would ensure general applause to a piece of inferior merit. Not that he meant to say that this new effort of his Muse is void of many sterling claims to approbation. He has, particularly in the conduct and language of the three last acts, evinced considerable judgment, feeling, and dramatic taste. In the two first we were, however, concerned to observe several passages which were marked more with ribaldry than with wit, and with more coarse vulgarity than comic delicacy would warrant. The manner in which they were received, and above all, the *double entendre*, which was too gross to be mistaken, will, we trust, induce the author to omit them in the next representation.

The prologue was a species of comic supplication in favour of the author.

The Epilogue, which, after the manner of Shakespeare's seven ages of man, gives a ludicrous description of the seven ages of woman, contains many temporary hits, which were admirably enforced by the spirited versatility of Mrs. Jordan. It might, however, equally serve as a *codicil* to any other *dramatic will*, as to that which was *proved* in the *Commons* of Drury.

To enable our readers to form a complete judgment of the Comedy under consideration, we shall here add Mr. Woodfall's critique on The Will, as published in the Gazetteer on the Friday after the first representation.

The Comedy called The Will, performed at Drury-lane Theatre, for the first time on Wednesday, did its author, Mr. Reynolds, great credit. It is more like a representation of real life, than the *Dramatist*. *Notoriety*, and a variety of other pieces, which afford great entertainment in the theatre, excite much laughter; but it must be confessed, rather by the whim and extravagance of the principal characters and incidents, than by the correctness of the one, or probability of the other. The extreme vivacity and pleasantness of Mr. Lewis, of Covent Garden Theatre, when employed by an author to embody ridiculous and eccentric fashions and follies, is obviously the circumstance that

that has betrayed Mr. Reynolds into the habit of viewing nature through a magnifying glaſs, and exhibiting caricature. It is matter of import to him therefore, and of ſatisfaction to the lovers of the drama, to ſee him curb his propenſities, and prove that the habit, which conſtant ſucceſs might reaſonably have been ſuppoſed to have eſtabliſhed paſt the power of correction, is merely an aſſumed habit, and ſubſervient to his volition. The comedy now performing with ſo much applauſe, has many ſtrong claims to commendation. The incidents are lively, forcible, and intereſting; the characters, though not original, well contraſted, and well ſupported; and the ſpirit of the ſcene maintained with powerful effect throughout.

The play is not, however, a *monſter of perfection*, though its beauties far exceed its blemiſhes. In the firſt act the author ſomewhat prematurely opens the whole plot of the piece, and the dialogue is occaſionally coarſe, and below the dignity of comedy, which ought always to be attended to. The circumſtance of Howard's deſcribing Albina as a *Becky*, is an injudicious adoption of a vulgariſm, which the ſtage ſhould not recognize, except in ſcenes of low humour and broad farce; and the idea and management of the pretext played off on Realize, in order to obtain money from him to defray the travelling expences of *Howard* and *Mandeville*, belongs to the latter deſcription of dramatic exhibition altogether. The drunken openneſs and morality of *Veritas*, the tutor, is perfectly in nature, and was introduced with ſucceſs by Foote in his Lame Lover, in which Sir Luke Limp, in a ſcene of mutual ebriation, informs his friend Serjeant Bramble, that he has had an intrigue with his wife. The diſcovery of the Philoſopher Square in Molly Seagren's garret, in Fielding's *Tom Jones*, obviouſly ſuggeſted the incident of diſcovering Sir Solomon Cynic, by letting the old curtain drop that concealed him in Cicely Copſe's apartment in her father's cottage, when viſiting there for amorous purpoſes. The manners of the old Cynic ſavour occaſionally of the dry humour of Sir Peter Teazle. Howard's character were not the harſhneſs of his treatment of his miſtreſs, Albina, (whom he very ungallantly ſuffers to be on her knees to him, without offering to raiſe her from ſo humiliating a poſture) in a great meaſure atoned for by the goodneſs of his motive for being angry with her, and the liberality of his mind, would challenge reprehenſion. Theſe few obſervations of nature that may be thought tending toward the ſevere, are not offered with any ill-natured view of prejudicing the author, or detracting from his real and acknowledged powers, as a Comic Dramatiſt, but becauſe the writer of this article knows Mr. Reynolds could almoſt as eaſily produce a play, that might defy objection, as one in which blots may be hit, if he would give himſelf the pains to do ſo, and ride his Pegaſus with more caution and leſs haſte than good ſpeed. She is a free tit, but the ſlut though not a jade, is ſomewhat wanton, and occaſionally kicks up behind: in *Fortune's Fool* ſhe ſet off at ſo large a rate, that ſhe flagged confoundedly towards the end of the courſe, and had like to have come in hanging her tail, had not the rider ſpurred her in time to ſave the diſtance poſt. The *Will*, in all probability, will prove an act of great *good-will* towards Drury-lane houſe, and keep thoſe crowded audiences in the habit of viſiting it for the reſt of the ſeaſon, which Miſs Farren from the curioſity mingled with regret, at ſo bright an ornament being about to be loſt to the ſtage, lately taught the

way

way there, when they seemed almost to have forgotten that there was such a theatre, or else staid away for the malicious purpose of letting the public know how very immense a house it was, by the large space frequently to be seen empty in it, even when the receipt of the night was equal to the money taken, in the zenith of Garrick's fame, at his own performances.

To return to the Comedy—the Prologue by Mr. Taylor and the Epilogue by Mr. Andrew's, were both good, and well spoken by Mr. R. Palmer and Mrs. Jordan.

The characters were most ably acted; next to Mrs. Jordan, whose display of merit equalled, if not exceeded, all her former exhibitions, King, Bannister, jun. and Wroughton, stood eminently entitled to praise and the Author's thanks; nor ought Suett, R. Palmer, Miss Tidswell, or Miss Mellon to pass unnoticed; they acted admirably, especially Mr. R. Palmer in the drunken scenes.

The scenery was appropriate and the dresses well chosen. Mrs. Jordan's first was, if any thing, a little too fine and voluptuous. The character was rather a laborious task on her exertion, after so recent a return from a laying-in-Chamber.

New Hall, *for the Use of the* South-Saxon Lodge *of* Free Masons.

As Free-Masonry originated with a mighty hunter, we presume that our Sporting friends will not be displeased with the following account of the erection of a New Hall, for the use of the South-Saxon Lodge of Free Masons.

Lewes, Sussex, April 24, 1793.

Last Wednesday being the day appointed for laying the foundation stone of the New Hall to be erected in this town for the use of the South-Saxon Lodge of Free Masons, the street, soon after breakfast-time, was thronged with spectators, to witness a scene, the novelty of which, had evidently excited their curiosity beyond the ordinary pitch of expectation.—Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the procession set out from the Star Inn, in the following order:—

Tyler to South-Saxon Lodge, in his uniform, with a drawn sword.

Full Band of Musicians from the Monmouthshire Militia.

Members of the aforesaid Lodge, according to their respective degree, two and two.

Choristers.

Architect.

Secretary, with his Bag and Constitution Roll.

Treasurer, with his Staff.

The Holy Bible, with the Square and Compasses, carried on a crimson velvet cushion with gold tassels and fringe.

Master of South Saxon Lodge, supported by two Stewards with white wands.

Two Clergymen in their Robes.

The Civil Officers of the Borough, two and two, with their Staves.

The Book of Constitution, carried by a Master Mason.

MAJOR GENERAL HULSE,

Provincial Grand Master for Sussex, with Colonel Maisters, Master of the St. George's E. York Lodge on his right.

Capt, H. Shelley, P. M. and Deputy to the P. G. M. with Capt. Torre, of the E. York Lodge on his left.

Two Stewards with white wands.

Members of the East York Militia Lodge, in order as above.

Members of the Royal Clarence Lodge, Brighton, in the same order.

The procession being arrived at the spot, silence was proclaimed and an Anthem performed, after which the stone, bearing a suitable inscription, was laid with the usual ceremonies, by the Provincial Grand Master, who tried it in different positions, with the level and plumb-rule, and fixed the same by giving it three knocks with a setting mall, or mallet. Another Anthem was then sung, after which the procession moved on to Southover Church, where the Rev. J. F. Fearon, M.A. delivered a most excellent and apposite

posite sermon on the occasion, from Proverbs, chap. ix. v. 1.—*Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars.*

After divine service was over the procession was resumed, and continued to the Star, where the brethren dined together, and concluded the day with that conviviality and harmony, which have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of all good and true Masons. The P. G. Master retired, about eight in the evening, with honors known to none but the fraternity.

The Officers of the different Lodges appeared in the insignia of their respective orders, and the brethren were all uniformly dressed in white gloves and aprons, which added much to the gratification of the gazing, but approving multitude, whose countenances betrayed a mixture of satisfaction and astonishment, which proved not a little flattering to a mystical body.

The number of spectators who assembled in the street, within, and upon houses contiguous to the spot where the ceremony was performed, is estimated at upwards of five thousand.

The business of the day, was, nevertheless, conducted without the smallest accident, nor would the least interruption have taken place, but for the obstinacy of a foolish fellow, who the better to indulge his curiosity attempted to press into the middle of the crowd on horseback, which created a little confusion, and which but for the temperance and forbearance of a prudent populacy would have ensured him the chastisement which his temerity so justly entitled him to.

Early applications were necessary to obtain front seats on the ridges and roofs of houses, which were let out at different prices; and so great was the curiosity of one woman, that she actually ascended a high ladder the better to secure one of them.

The procession and ceremony were honoured with the attendance of all the fashion in the town and neighbourhood; and such were the attractions of a Masonic Sermon, that the crowd at the church door could be compared only to that at the door of a London Theatre, when the performance of some distinguished actor has been announced. The Sermon, at the request of the bretheren, is, we understand, to be published.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

LETTERS, says the great Bacon, come more home to the bosom, than either annals or lives. There is certainly nothing that exhibits a more faithful mirror of the breast than the unstudied periods of a familiar epistle. The spontaneous effusions of the heart, which this mode of composition is calculated to convey, never fail to secure an interest, and to enchain attention.

The following Letter of which the original is in my possession, will be found characterised by that unaffected ease and simplicity which are the distinguishing excellencies of epistolary writing. Every sentence, too, denotes it to come from the pen of the *lettered* soldier.

Kistnagherry, Baranhal Country,
Sunday, April 27, 1793.

"On my landing at Madras, my name was inserted in the general military orders, and I received an Ensign's Commission with an appointment for duty to the Fifteenth Batallion of Native Infantry. I first joined them at Amboor, a considerable garrison in the Carnatic; and to effect this, I travelled an hundred and seventy miles on foot, through a strange country

country, and under a verticle ſun, with no other company than a few Coolies, who carried my baggage. At Amboor, where I arrived, after having been fifteen days on the road, I found but five companies of my battalion; the other five, with their commanding officer, Capt. Reed, and the colours having been drawn out with the fourth battalion of ſepoys, on detachment, to collect ſupplies for the grand army, which then lay commanded by Earl Cornwallis, before Bangalore, on a ſiege of that place. With theſe five companies I remained but two months at Amboor. The war being ended, the other half of the battalion were directed to throw themſelves into Kiſtnagherry, as the army came down from Seringapatam, with orders to garriſon it, conſequently our five remaining companies left Amboor, and proceeded to Kiſtnagherry, where we arrived after a five days march. I enjoy marching. We all encamp on the road, and experience much gaiety and variety of ſcene.

" Kiſtnagherry was captured from Tippoo during the late war, and is ſituated on his frontiers. The Hill-fort is conſiderably higher than old Saram, and has fortifications on the top with cannon mounted.

" The climate here is overwhelmly hot; but I find my conſtitution wedge in with the ſun, and I would rather baſk in heat than meet a breeze. I live comfortably enough—keep three little orderly blacks, and have poultry about my quarters. I deſign to purchaſe ſome goats, which are fine animals in India, being bigger than Jackaſſes. I have tea for breakfaſt, a curry for dinner, and do all I can to reſiſt that ſyren ſloth, whoſe ſmiles cannot be too much dreaded. Sherbet is my principal beverage, which a ſegar, in the evening, gives a zeſt to. My Marquee poſſeſſes every convenience of accommodation, and I repoſe in ſheets like a gentleman.

" The Seapoys are fine, brave fellows, and admirably diſciplined. They are commanded by European Officers, one of whom there is to every company. I, of courſe, have my own. We are 700 ſtrong, and theſe men will fight eternally whilſt there is an Engliſh officer left to head them. Independent of us, they have their own native officers.

" A ſoldier's life ſuits me. I love marching and ſtudy. I keep a few books. Quintus Curtius, Charles XII. and Plutarch's Lives, are to be found in my itinerant library. I ſtudy Perſian, and talk the Mooriſh language with tolerable fluency. Our regimentals are compoſed of ſcarlet jackets, turned up with blue, and yellow turbans. The ſeapoys perform much duty, and their officers of courſe participate. Our government is military throughout. We preſerve the moſt perfect ſubordination, and ſet affairs right inſtantaneouſly, when our interference is required.

" In my duty I often enjoy a ſingle and excluſive command over my battalion. In the abſence of my commanding officer, there is a ſentry at my quarters. But ſo precarious are our ſupplies here, that whilſt a main guard has turned out, with reſted arms as commandant, I have eaten my rice and curry out of an earthen pan.

" We are only three white faces here. However, the moſt perfect harmony prevails amongſt us, and I find our ſmall ſociety delicious-ly agreeable. My pay is liberal. I expect ſoon to be made a lieutenant, when I may poſſibly get a command in ſome hill-fort. But it is my ambition to live happily

and

and contentedly, let it be where it will. *Quod tu petit hic est.*

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where.
POPE.

" You go to the Tow.r to see wild-beasts! Here are tygers under the very hill on which my quarters are situated. I see them sitting on the rocks, basking themselves in the solar ray. So bold are they, that sometimes our officers dogs fall a prey to them. They often though encounter a gun. The exhibition of one of these animals, when killed, is curious and novel. The natives suspend the heart upon a poll, and carry him on their shoulders round the garrison for the inspection of the officers, who commonly make them some small gratuity.

" An European woman is as great a rarity here as a belle is with you. Here are, however, abundance of Gentoo, Malabar, Parea, and Moorish girls to captivate one's affection. But

Me tabulâ sacer
Volivâ paries indicat uvida.
Suspendisse potenti
Testamenta Maris Deo.
HOR,

" The country here is in the wildest state of nature, having but few parts cultivated, and it abounds with jingle or copse wood. All India is intersected with mountains, and where a conspicuous one presents itself, there is generally found a town, which is fortified, and commands the place below. Your astronomical knowledge will inform you that I am twice a year under a perpendicular sun. When I landed at Madras, I was afflicted with a fever that brought me to the threshold of dissolution. However, I am now become inured to the climate, and my constitution with care is tolerable. Wine here i attainable, and even cheap. I love to exhilirate, but not inebriate myself with it. The vine, says Anarcharsis, produces three sorts of grapes; the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, the third of repentance. It is the first that I confine myself to. But I must think of concluding. The sound of the spirit-stirring drum summons me to roll-call: I must buckle on my sword: " a better never did a soldier's thigh sustain." Adieu! Vive, valeque."

Biographical Anecdote.

CAPTAIN O'Burn, who was lately brought up to the Police Office, in Marlborough-street for playing at the game of Faro, came to this country about twenty-three years ago. He was on lieutenant's half pay of some foreign regiment. His success in life was owing to the following circumstance:

Being at Vauxhall-gardens when the late Lord Lyttleton behaved rather rudely to Mrs. Hartley, then belonging to Covent-garden theatre, her brother-in-law attacked the noble Lord in a severe pugilistical style, and would certainly have given him a most complete drubbing, had not Mr. O'Burn stepped in and saved him from both the blows and the disgrace.

This the noble Earl considered as a high favour—he asked Mr. O'Burn to sup with him—found out he was a soldier of fortune—took him with him on the Continent—became his pecuniary friend, and on his return introduced him to all the fashionable clubs, where Mr. O'Burn soon acquired, by play, a fortune that set him above all dependence; and this he has since very much increased.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF

WIVES AS THEY WERE, AND MAIDS AS THEY ARE.

BY A FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. WADDY.

I COME not to announce a baſhful maid
Who ne'er has tried the drama's doubtful trade,
Who ſees with flutt'ring hope the curtain riſe,
And ſcans with timid glance your critic eyes!
My client is a more experienc'd dame,
Tho' not a Veteran, not unknown to Fame;
Who thinks your favours are an honeſt boaſt,
Yet fears to forfeit what ſhe values moſt;
Who has, ſhe truſts, ſome character to loſe,
E'en tho' the woman did not aid the Muſe:
Who courts with modeſt aim the public ſmile,
That ſtamp of merit, and that meed of toil.
At Athens once (our author has been told)
The Comic Muſe, irregularly bold,
With living calumny profan'd her ſtage,
And forg'd the frailties of the faultleſs ſage.
Such daring ribaldry you need not fear,
We have no Socrates to libel here.
Ours are the follies of an humbler flight,
Offspring of manners volatile and light;
Our gen'ral ſatire keeps more knaves in awe,
Our court of conſciencecomes in aid of law.
Here ſcourg'd by wit, and pilloried by fun,
Ten thouſand coxcombs bluſh inſtead of *one*.
If ſcenes like theſe could make the guilty ſhrink,
Could teach unfeeling folly how to think,
Check Affectation's voluble career,
And from cold Faſhion force the ſtruggling tear,
Our author would your loudeſt praiſe forego,
Content to feel within "what paſſes ſhow."
"But ſince (ſhe ſays) ſuch hopes cannot be "mine,
"Such bold pretenſions I muſt needs re-"ſign,
"Tell theſe great judges of dramatic laws,
"Their reformation were my beſt ap-"plauſe;
"Yet if the heart my proud appeal with-"ſtands,
"I aſk the humbler ſuffrage of their "hands."

ADDRESS

TO THE SAME,

Written by Mr. TAYLOR.

Spoken by Miſs WALLIS.

WELL female critics, what's the ſentence, ſay—
Can you with kindneſs treat this ſaucy play,
That gives to ancient dames the wreath of praiſe,
And boldly cenſures thoſe of modern days?
Bring us good huſbands firſt, and, on my life,
For every one we'll ſhew as good a wife.
Whate'er the errors in the nuptial ſtate,
Man ſets th' example to his paſſive mate;
While all the virtues the proud ſex can claim
From Female influence caught the gen'rous flame.
Nay, though our gallant rulers of the main,
With force reſiſtleſs cruſh the pride of Spain,
'Tis WOMAN triumphs—that inſpiring charm
With tenfold vigour nerves the hero's arm;
For KING and COUNTRY though they nobly bleed,
The ſmile of BEAUTY is their deareſt meed
And valiant tars ſhould ſtill be Beauty's care
Since 'tis "the brave alone deſerves the "fair."

PROLOGUE TO CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS.

Written and spoken by the MARGRAVINE *of* ANSPACH, *at Brandenburgh House, on Friday April 7.*

[*Enter in deep mourning.*]

To welcome all our friends assembled here,
All dress'd in black, as Prologue, I appear.
A Female Prologue! snarling critics cry,
What!—dare establish'd customs thus defy!
Yes, mighty Sirs, consistent is this plan,
Thus I appear, because our Queen's a man.
Too long the Comic Muse, in numbers gay,
Has here obtained uninterrupted sway:
Muses, as mortals, out of fashion grow,
One century laughs, the next is turn'd to woe.
In these sad times, when fighting is the rage,
Can this be deem'd a cheerful, joyful age,
When Mars to Venus talks of nought but scars,
And all the little loves are drown'd in tears?
Ah me! the din of arms, the bloody plain,
Tell us, alas! the Tragic Muse *must* reign.
To her resistless power I humbly yield,
And call my martial phalanx to the field,
In all the pomp of war—the trick of state—
The woes of Queerummania we relate—
Great Queerummania! where, with savage look,
A monarch condescends to kill—his cook!
Strange Queerummania! where a Virgin Queen
To dance—to pray—to drink—to woo, is seen—
Is seen, in one short day, four men to eye,
With all the head strong love of Majesty!
Mad Queerummania!—Royal captives there
Walk on their heads, their heels high poiz'd in air!
What could induce the man to write such stuff,
For all the world and I know well enough,
Princes and Kings walk just like other men,
And like their subjects, stumble now and then.
But some there are, I say it to their face,
That always keep their heads in the right place;
And, being seated once on Virtue's throne,
Rest on those hearts their mildness made their own.
Well—Heaven keep, I say, each Royal pate
From mischief such as shook old Chronon's state.
Chronon—the angry Chronon, in one day,
Threw all his conquests and his life away.
But, hark! th' impatient herald sounds th' alarm,
And bids our Generals and their legions arm.
Fair Ladies, 'tis for you alone they fight,
Your smiles will crown the triumph of this night.

RINGWOOD ALE.

"Dies noctesque bibite, pergraccamini."
PLAUTUS.

Where winding STOUR* and AVON* meet,
Round CERDIC's† sculptur'd tomb,
And ev'ry bush with bloom replete,
Spreads wide a rich perfume;
There faithful love and beauty glads,
The Rustics of the vale,
And there the merry Christ Church lads
Put round their RINGWOOD ALE.

Blow high the wind, or beat the rain,
Let SOLANT‡ foam and roar;
Or let the tempest sweep the plain,
Or spread with wrecks the shore;
HANTONIAN boys will never heed,
But mock the rampant gale,
And chaunt the song and puff the weed,
The while they've RINGWOOD ALE.

Ale warms the blood, and nerves the arm,
To weild the fatal blade.
And should the country's foes alarm,
Or land with fierce parade,
The lads who teach the cup to flow,
And love the best regale,
Shall fly to arms, and teach the foe,
The powers of RINGWOOD ALE.

Nor these alone the bev'rage quaff,
Gay folks from far and near,
Attend at eve the friendly laugh,
And carve the Royal deer.
And should the Forest Wardens pry,
But little 'twill avail,
For still they get the rich supply
With charming RINGWOOD ALE.

When SPRING leads up her hours of bliss,
I'll fly from LONDON's gloom,
And flow'r crown'd STOUR and AVON kiss,
By CERDIC's sculptur'd tomb.
And o'er the Forest Fallow Deer,
With Christ Church lads regale,
For sure there's nothing made to cheer,
Like Bonny RINGWOOD ALE.

T. N.

* Here the Stour and Avon meet.
† A fair monument to the memory of Cerdic, King of the West Saxons.
‡ Water that parts the Isle of Wight from the New Forest.

LODG-

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

FROM MR. COLMAN'S TALES, IN VERSE.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
Derry down.

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious, and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton;
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He entered his rooms; and to bed he retreated,
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night t'was the same;—and the next; and the next;
He perspir'd like an ox! he was nervous, and vex'd;
Week passed after week; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was passed all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him;
He sent for a Doctor; and cried, like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise:—"a slow fever," he said:
Prescribed sudorifics—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaiming Will, "are humbugs;"
"I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."

Will kick'd out the Doctor,—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host,—he said—"Sir, do you know,
"I am the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago?

"Looke's landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first TOOK ME IN;
"But from the first night—and to say it I'am bold—
"I have been so damn'd hot, that I'am sure I caught cold."

Quoth the Landlord—"till now, I ne'er had a dispute;
"I've let lodgings ten years:—I'am a Baker to boot;
"In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven,
"And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The Oven!!!" says Will—says the host, "Why this passion?
"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion,
"Why so crusty, good Sir?" "Zounds!"—cries Will, in a taking,
"Who would'nt be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been GOING AWAY half a year,"
"Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quarrel"—Will said;
"For one may die where another makes bread."

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters, in a fair;
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suff'ring Patient saith)
Though the Apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle, upon Tyne;
No man could better gild a pill;
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore Midwifery he chose to pin t'ot.
This balanced things :—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame, full six miles, round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will Genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthysick?
Of Poetry though Patron God,
Apollo patronizes Physick.

Bolus lov'd verse;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity e're let pass
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables*;
Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; — not a crime;—
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to have a little rhime.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's called cathartical.
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse;
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:
"*When taken*,"
"*To be well shaken*."

Next morning, early, Bolus 'rose,
And to the patient's house he goes;—
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had;
It was indeed a very sorry hack;—
But that's of course:
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived: and gave a doubtful tap;—
Between a single and a double rap.—
Knocks of this kind
Are given by Gentlemen who teach to dance;
By Fidlers, and by Opera-singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind;
As if the knocker fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The Servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physic'd him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient!" Bolus said,
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!"
"He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.
"Well,—how—what then?—speak out, you dunce!"
"Why then"—says John—"we *shook* him once."
"Shook him!—how?"—Bolus stammer'd out:—
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! shake a Patient, man!—a shake won't do."
"No, Sir—and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes! odds curse!
"'Twould make the Patient worse."
"It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?"—"then, Sir, my master died!"

EPIGRAMS.

WHEN SIDDONS *drops* a tear, who does not weep?
"True (said the STADTHOLDER); I *drop*—a-sleep!"

APRIL the First stands mark'd by custom's rules,
A day for being, and for making fools;
But pray what custom or what rule supplies,
A day for making, or for being—*wise*?

By J. CORBIN, JUN.

If 'tis the law to punish those who play,
And hazard that which they can prove *their own*,
With him who risks OUR *money* every day,
Say what, ye skilful lawyers, should be done?

THE